



A GUIDE TO OCEAN
and
LAND TRAVEL



F. C.'S LETTERS

TIPS

CANADA, THE OCEAN AND ENGLAND

Being a series of letters first published in the QUEBEC DAILY
TELEGRAPH, with the object of offering many useful
hints to those contemplating an ocean voyage and
of interest to those who have made one—The
author has endeavored to make the letters
read in a light and breezy style, at
the same time keeping the most
salient and important object
in view : *i. e.* What to do
and what not to do
when making
a trip to
England



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CONTENTS

	PAGE
Origin of Tips.....	3
Preparations for a Sea Voyage.....	4
When You Arrive in Liverpool.....	5
" Who's Who ".....	6
The Smoker.....	7
When the Trumpet Sounds for Meals.....	7
On the Broad Ocean.....	9
Appetites Improving.....	10
After You Leave Quebec.....	12
Sighting Ireland.....	13
The Emerald Isle.....	13
A Day's Sail Through the Irish Sea.....	14
There Are Several Big Railways in England..	15
How Your Baggage is Checked.....	16
Laws Strictly Enforced.....	17
When " Tipping " Your Steward.....	18
Don't Forget the Deck Seaman.....	19
How to Carry Money.....	20
What to Do if You Lose them.....	21
London.....	22
Its Origin is Unknown.....	23

	PAGE
Westminster Abbey.....	24
London's Fog, Mist and Rain.....	25
The First Time I Visited London.....	27
What Mr. Adams Says :.....	28
The English Railway Train.....	29
The Station Officials Are Aged Men.....	31
Getting Out of a Train.....	33
How Not to Do Things.....	35
My First Impression of London.....	36
My Second Impression.....	37
Who Directs the Miracle.....	38
The Duke of Bedford.....	39
Law Enforced Without Fear or Favor.....	42
What Kipling Says.....	43
Compartment Car Experiences.....	45
England's Hotels.....	51
Civility of Hotel Clerks.....	55
Hotel Help.....	59
Politeness of Servants.....	59
About Your Hotel Room Door.....	61
Seeing London from the Top of a Bus.....	63
Busses are Never Overcrowded.....	65
The Bus Conductors.....	66
Women as Bus Drivers.....	67
A Man's Appeal.....	68
Coaching in London.....	69
The Cook Tourist Agencies.....	70
The Theatres.....	71
The London Pavilion.....	

	PAGE
The London Coliseum	76
Another Splendid Innovation.....	78
Odds and Ends About Theatres	79
The Poor Crippled Boy at the Theatre.....	80
War Sentiment in England.....	81
The Cabbies.....	83
More About Them.....	84
Honesty Among Cabbies.....	86
The Bobby.....	88
The Post Office Letter Street Carriers.....	91
First Sunday in London.....	92
St. Paul's Cathedral.....	93
Standing in Line.....	95
A Church in the Way.....	97
The Crossing Sweeper.....	98
Tower of London.....	98
The Tube.....	99
Tact and Diplomacy of Two Well Known Americans.....	101
The Pall Mall Gazette.....	103
The Drinking Habit.. ..	105
Journalism in England.....	107
The Staid Old "Times".....	108
The Other Journals.....	109
An Exception to the Rule.....	111
Pat's Condensed Reports.....	111
The Barber Shop and the Alluring Barber.....	112
The Sidewalk Artists.....	114
The Old Woman.....	116

	PAGE
Selling Matches.....	117
" Please "	117
English Women Wear Ugly Footwear.....	118
Their Teeth are Said to be Bad.....	119
Penny Chairs in the Parks.....	119
Portrait Medallions	120
Five o'Clock Tea	121
The Canadian " Kilties " in London.....	122
New Advertising Schemes.....	123
Comparison of London and Quebec Prices.....	125
A Big Store	130
A Crusade of " Non-tipping "	132
Marvellous Ignorance About Canada.....	134
The English Press Enlightening the English.....	136
A Hit at Mr. Morley	137
Restaurants and the New Simpson's.....	138
Canadian Pacific Railway's New English Build- ing.....	144
Canadian Emigration Offices.....	146
Lord Strathcona.....	148
Lady Strathcona.....	149
A visit to Messrs. Goodall & Sons.....	150
Novel Baby Attachment.....	152
The Atlantic Union.....	153
Objects of the Union.....	154
Methods.....	156
Visit to Sir Gilbert Parker.....	158
Heating Apparatuses.....	151
Imperialism.....	162

	PAGE
Imperial Education.....	165
How Some English Firms do Business in Canada.....	170
Englishmen Who Agree With Me.....	172
A Note of Warning from Lord Minto.....	175
Legislation for the Rural Districts.....	177
England Seen Through African Eyes.....	178
Impressions of the English.....	179
Homeward Bound.....	182
London to Liverpool.....	184
At the Station.....	187
On the Baltic Bound for Quebec <i>via</i> New York.	189
Selfish Travellers.....	192
Auction Pool on Ship Board.....	196
The Library.....	199
A Day of Sports.....	200
The Printing Office.....	201
The Ship's Concert.....	202
The Bar Receipts.....	203
The Ship's Doctor.....	204
The Ship's Barber.....	207
Linen of a Big Liner.....	209
Our Steward.....	209
A Sad Scene.....	211
Games Played on Deck.....	212
The Ship of the Future.....	213
Meals on SS. Canada.....	217
My Fellow Passengers.....	221
At the Landing in New York.....	223

	PAGE
America's Customs.....	225
Progressive New York.....	227
The White Star Line.....	229
Remarkable Feature of the Early History of the White Star Line.....	233
The First Baltic.....	235
American Services.....	237
The Baltic of 1904.....	239
Immensity of this Vessel.....	242
The Most Striking Feature.....	243
The Grand Dining Saloon.....	245
Other Notes About the Baltic.....	247
Food Consumed on a Round Voyage.....	250
The Hotel of the Future.....	251
Go Abroad to Appreciate Things.....	251
Home ! Quebec !.....	251
A Positive Cure for Sea Nausea.....	257



Origin of Tips

Tips had their origin in the popular English coffee houses of two centuries ago. At the doors were hung brass-bound boxes, and on each was engraved, "To insure promptness." Those who contributed were the subjects of special attention from the waiters. The initial letters of the phrase have ever since been used to denote a special fee to servants, as an inducement to work quickly and well.

The writer is under the impression that "tips" might also denote "To insure Prompt Service."

Preparations for a Sea Voyage

The first and foremost thing to do is to see that you have a warm suit of heavy underwear, an old suit of clothes and a heavy winter overcoat. Then you should purchase a good steamer rug, which sells for from \$3.50 upwards. With the above you are fairly well outfitted. Another good addition to your kit is a light waterproof, a pair of rubbers and a heavy pair of woollen stockings or socks, as the case may be. Then if there be any ladies in the party you should take a pillow or two as the deck chairs, are quite tiresome to one when made use of all day. If you intend doing any lengthy travelling on the continent you had better take an extra old trunk specially for the purpose of carrying the above ship's clothing.

When You Arrive in Liverpool

it may be left with the shipping company until your return. It is presumed you have taken passage on one of the passenger boats sailing out of the St. Lawrence. If so, you board the steamer either at Montreal or Quebec. If at the former, you get on board the night before and leave very early in the morning, probably at daylight, arriving at Quebec in the afternoon or evening. You experience no trouble in locating your cabin, or in securing a deck chair or a seat in the dining saloon. It is always better to rent the former from the deck steward than to be encumbered by taking one with you. These chairs can be obtained from the deck stewards for four shillings for the trip (one dollar). Within twenty-four hours after embarking on your steamer, you probably know everybody on board; that is if you want to; and, if you do not, it is surprising how much everybody else knows

about you, providing you are somebody, or your name is in

" Who's Who "

The smoking room is a great place to get acquainted with the men passengers. Then may follow introductions to the ladies if your credentials pass muster with the husband, brother or uncle of the pretty young lady you have been admiring ever since you got on board. You may be disappointed in finding yourself talking to some old spinster, or married lady, well advanced in years, and then discover you have only been used as a *locum teneus* by the man who introduced you. Well, it is all in the game of life on board ship, and you have to take your chances one way or the other. It is just the same in anything else in life on land.

The Smoker

This is the great meeting place and the principal centre for the talkers among the passengers. There are more yarns and discussions and arguments, heard in one hour in the smoking room, than anywhere else. You cannot get away from it. Visiting it regularly is one of the penalties of being an inveterate smoker, as there is very little smoking done anywhere else by the saloon passengers; and in it oftentimes the best of men are driven in their idleness to gamble and wager on the run of the ship, and anything else that anybody wants to bet on. It is only

When the Trumpet Sounds for Meals

that there is any "let up" on the fascinating influence which the smoking and drinking rooms have for the male members of the ship. Why the lady passengers are not provided with something to compare with

it, is only explained by the fact that the men who build the ships, and run them, have not thought of it. Perhaps after reading this they will change their minds, and make a few additions for the fair sex. Why I have known several good games of poker being summarily broken up by the sudden retirement of husbands who never came back, and then if they did, they stood around with a cold smile, and declined to enter into any more contests. Of course, they were men in the habit of losing money at cards and then refusing to buy their wives a new gown and hat in Paris, or a *recherché* supper in London. Now these men were not diplomats and never would have made good statesmen. I know half a dozen men who would have been glad to give these fellows a few lessons on "How to make your wife happy even when you happen to be overwhelmed by a spell of bad luck." The smoking room is alike the



SS. CANADA



rendevous of the traveller with his wonderful adventures, and of the American billionaire who started as a poor boy running messages for a country store, and to-day owns several cities, half a dozen railroads, and probably as many trusts in the United States. "All men are alike to me," thinks the smoking room steward, "as these rich fellows seldom break the regula. 's."

For two or three days the ship goes along smoothly and every thing is very pleasant until all at once you lose sight of land, and realize that you are

On the Broad Ocean

By this time there are fewer people at table and fewer smokers in the smoking room. Then you perceive that a goodly number are not "enjoying the weed" as usual, and it is a little out of place for you to ask the reason why. A deathly pallor on their faces and a drowsy look in their eyes be-

token an uncomfortable feeling. They are simply indisposed to-day, and even the Scotch and soda brings no solace to their afflicted condition, which may be said to be bordering on melancholia, temporary insanity, or anything which brings on a don't-care-whether-you-live-or-die-sensation. If you don't know what this means from personal experience, you may reckon yourself a good sailor. In a day or two, however, everybody is feeling better and more cheerful, and as far as the above discomfitted passengers are concerned the pleasures of the voyage are reviving and their appetites improving.

Appetites Improving

A good remedy for sea nausea is to remain on deck as long as possible. The deck steward will bring your meals to you and it is very delightful eating there, even if you do prefer taking them in the dining saloon.

Everyone does his share of walking before meals, and soon you know how many times around the deck, or up and down, make a mile and your aim of course is to do so many miles a day. The average is about five. There are also deck games for the exercise of your muscles, which are only indulged in during fine weather. Going by the Canadian route you are in sight of land for about two days. Then leaving the south shore of the St. Lawrence, or the coast of Gaspé, you pass along the north coast of Newfoundland, and through the Strait of Belle Isle, when you finally reach the ocean. For a day and a night you are likely to see icebergs, and if you get near enough to them, they make very pretty spectacles, especially at night if the moon be at its best.

After You Leave Quebec

you will perhaps come to the conclusion that an ocean voyage consists of nothing but eating, drinking, walking and sleeping. This is true if you do not indulge in the pleasures of the recreation room. Breakfast is on between 8 and 9.30, beef tea or bouillon at eleven, lunch at one, tea or chicken broth at 4.30, dinner at seven and supper^d any time between that and 11 p.m. I often think there are more people ill on board ship from indigestion than from the motion of the ship. An excellent way to live, and not overeat, is to take a fruit breakfast in the morning; beef tea at eleven a.m. to whet the appetite; then lunch and dinner, leaving out the afternoon tea and late supper. By following such a course you arrive in England feeling no ill after-effects of your voyage.

Sighting Ireland

is one of the interesting moments on ship-board when going over from America. The enthusiasm and exuberant spirits of the Irish people are calculated to fire up almost any nationality on board. To those returning from America for a visit to their native soil, or those seeing the Green Isle for the first time, it makes no difference. They are all overjoyed. The feeling is contagious and impregnates everyone else, and there is no happier moment on any ship going to England than that following the first sight of the shores of Ireland. From my diary I take the following lines:—

THE EMERALD ISLE

I have to sing of the same old thing,
The weather bright and fair
With a crowd so full and rollicking
With devil a bit a care.

We're nearing Ireland's green lit shore,
Which fires the hearts of those

Who from that dear old land of Moore.
Have tasted joys and woes.

It's home to them, the dear old place,
Where'er their course hath run,
With them the race, the Irish race,
Will never be outdone.

Thus echo back the shouts of glee
That fill the ship with cheer,
Hurrah for thee, a welcome free
From voices piping clear !

Thrice welcome sight, O Ireland blest
To hearts beyond the sea
To dear ones dreaming of the rest
They yet may find in thee.

A Day's Sail Through the Irish Sea

and up the muddy Mersey, brings you to the docks at Liverpool. The ship has probably stopped at Southampton or Queens-town for a pilot, or to put off the mails, if she be a Royal mail boat. The health officers as well as the company's land officials are among the first to come on board, and if the ship's manifest is all right, it is not long before all the passengers are disem-

barking on the quay where the luggage, (in England this is the proper word,) is examined by Custom House officers, and labelled with a small label about the size of a registration stamp. The principal question asked is "Have you any tobacco or spirituous liquors"?

***There Are Several Big Railways In
England***

two of which are the Midland and London and North Western. These railways touch almost every leading centre on the island. In most of the large cities there is a hotel in connection with the station, as is being adopted by the C.P.R. in Canada. As a rule these hotels are well conducted and make very reasonable charges. If you should be going to one of these hotels in Liverpool, you will find officials on the dock who will take charge of your belongings and direct you to a bus which will take you to the hotel free of charge. You have to

pay a small tax for the landing of your baggage, and do not fail to tip your porter or hotel official, whom you will find very obliging and painstaking in looking after your comforts. Here you will probably meet with your first experience of the totally different way they do things as compared with our manner of doing things in Canada.

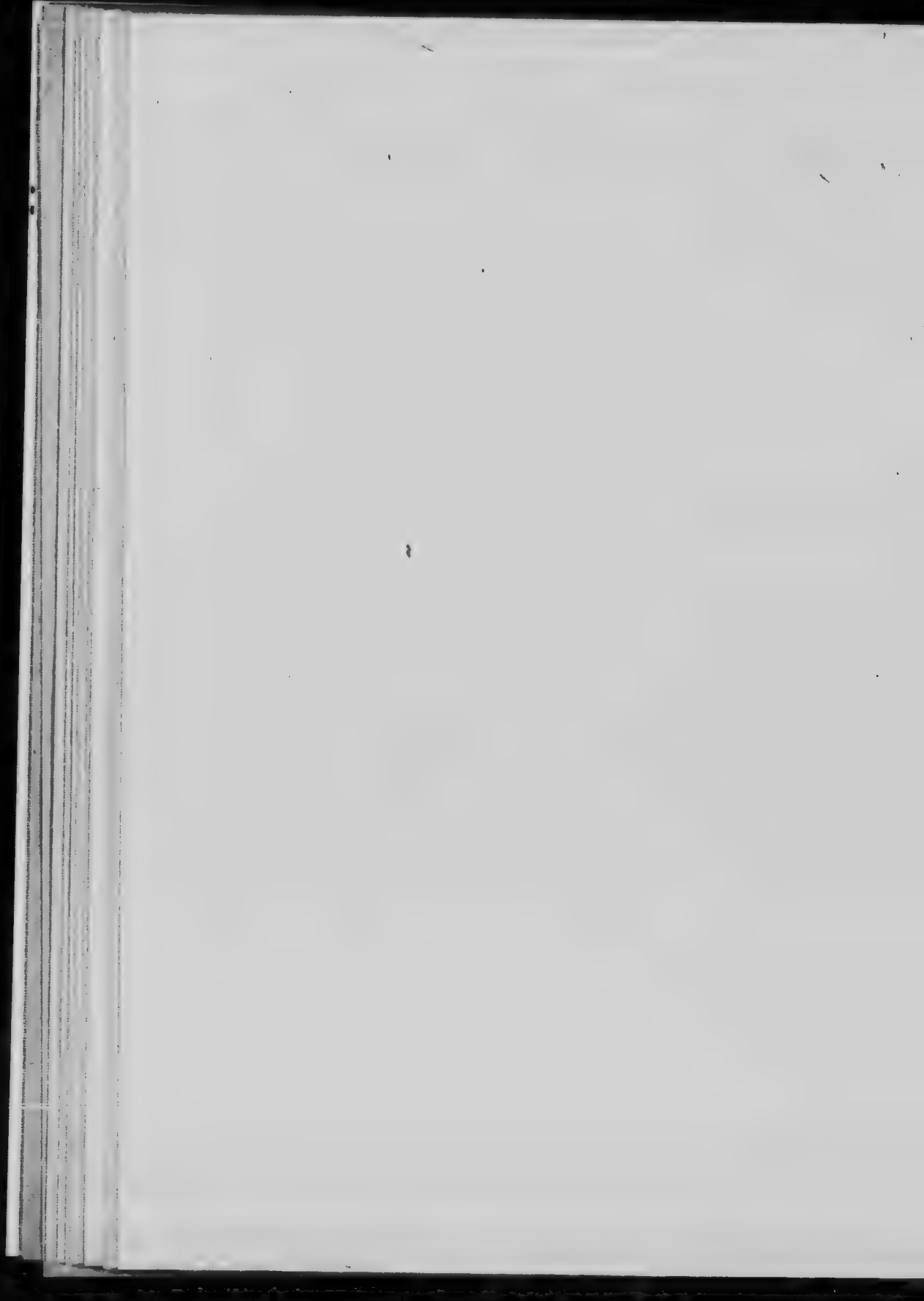
How Your Baggage is Checked

For instance you do not receive any checks for your baggage, but have to rely upon the hotel official and there are any number of these around, for the finding of your trunks and grips at the hotel. You may be somewhat anxious on this score, if it be your first visit, but after a time you get over this timidity and feel as much assured of finding them in the baggage room of the hotel a few hours afterwards, as if you had Canadian railway checks. No one,



Photo Col. E.C. Wurtele

THE BUGLE CALL FOR MEALS ; HAROLD, SON OF
COL. WURTELE, ON LEFT



even the meanest thief in the country, would dare steal a trunk or a piece of hand baggage. I am told that they would not get very far if they did, without being caught and severely punished for the crime.

Laws Strictly Enforced

There is no place like England, where the laws are more strictly enforced. There is no such thing as political or civic interference with the punishment of crime. All seem to be unanimous on this point, and consequently there is great respect given to the observance of the criminal statutes. Of course it is self protection if you will. Every honest citizen highly condemns stealing a piece of baggage, as there is no telling when he himself might be the next victim. So there is an individual desire to uphold the strict penalty of the law.

When "Tipping" Your Steward

before leaving the ship I think it a good thing to have some standard rule to follow, and from what I have learned the following is a fair table to go by:—

Cabin Steward (10 shillings) \$2.50.

Dining Steward (10 shillings) \$2.50.

Bath Steward (5 shillings) \$1.25.

Boots (2½ shillings) 60c.

Smoking Room Steward (2½ shillings) 60c.

If you have any ladies in your party you have to add 10s. for the stewardess and 5s. for the deck steward. Now, the above is fair and may be considered the minimum of what a good attentive steward expects. Some married men only give the above for their wives and themselves, but I think that is somewhat unfair, and while the double tip may not be expected, a little extra might be allowed for each lady in the party.

Don't Forget The Deck Seaman

As a rule, there is generally an obliging deck seaman around who will put up swings for the children and make all kinds of rope articles to amuse them with, and who will very much appreciate a shilling or sixpence before you leave the ship. There is something appealing in seamen, whether it is brought about by the singing each Sunday "For Those in Peril on the Deep," or by the address of the chairman of the concert in behalf of the Seamen's Wives and Orphan Fund. Indeed, there is something which touches the most tender chords of your heart at the sight of the "Jack Tar", and if you do not see the man I am alluding to, just ask for him and you will not regret this little additional disbursement.

How to Carry Money

An important question to decide when going abroad is the question of money. I mean how to carry it. There are various forms and ways to do it. You may carry letters of credit or drafts upon the bank of England, changing them into five pound notes when you arrive in London. This currency is accepted almost everywhere on the continent, but I found a more convenient manner of overcoming the trouble, or pleasure, I should probably say, during my last trip, which I can endorse as being the most adaptable for all parts of the Empire, and convenient as well. I refer to the express orders of the American Express Company. If you provide yourself with these made up into little books you will experience no difficulty changing them into gold, or into the currency of any foreign country through which you may be travelling.

What To Do If You Lose Them

If by any misfortune you lose the orders, or they are stolen from you, if you keep the numbers of them in a note book, the company will reimburse you for any such losses. In France it took me over four hours, or almost half a day cashing my letters of credit at the Credit Lyonnais, where I had to go through a great deal of official formality over the transaction. You must always provide yourself with \$50 or \$100 in gold for the ocean voyage, although the express orders I refer to are accepted on any ship you may be travelling on. Another advantage derived from using the American Express order is the currency value of its worth in any foreign country which is printed on the cover of the booklet.

London

What is commonly called London consists, in fact, of two great cities, entirely diverse from each other, and completely distinct—each being, in its way, the richest, the grandest, and the most powerful capital in the world. One of these twin capitals is the metropolis of commerce; the other is that of political and military power. The first is called *the city*. The second is called the West End. Both together, with the immense region of densely peopled streets and squares which connect and surround them, constitute what is generally called London. The West End was at first called Westminster. The city, which was the original London, is the most ancient.

Its Origin is Unknown

It was founded long before the days of the Romans; so long in fact that its origin is wholly unknown. Nor is anything known with respect to the derivation or meaning of the name. In regard to Westminster the name is known to come from the word *minster*, which means cathedral—a cathedral church having been built there at a very early period and which, lying west of London as it did, was called the West Minister. This church passed through a great variety of mutations during the lapse of successive centuries, having grown old and been rebuilt, and enlarged, and pulled down and rebuilt again, and altered, times and ways without number. It is represented in the present age by the venerable monumental pile—the burial place of the ancient kings, and of the most distinguished nobles, generals and statesmen of the English monarchy, known through all the world as Westminster Abbey.

Westminster Abbey

After a time, when England became at length one kingdom, the king built his palace, established a Parliament and opened his court in Westminster, not far from the Abbey. The palace, being about three miles from the city, was very convenient for this purpose. In process of time public edifices were erected, and noblemen's houses and new palaces for the King or for other members of the Royal family were built, and shops were set up for the sale of such things as the people of the court might wish to buy, and streets and squares were laid out; in fine Westminster became gradually quite extended and a famous town. It was still, however, entirely distinct from London, being about three miles farther up the river than the city. The principal road from London to Westminster followed the margin of the water and was called the Strand. The original London has, how-

ever, lost its exclusive right to its name, and is now simply called "the city"; and in the same manner Westminster is called West End, and sometimes "the town"; while the name London is used to denote the whole of the vast conglomeration which envelopes and includes the two original capitals, filled in between and surrounded for miles by hundreds of small villages and towns, with a total population of over five millions of people, and this is London.

London's Fog, Mist and Rain

In six years I have visited England on three different occasions. Fortunately I did so during the months of August and September, and notwithstanding all I have read and heard about foggy London, and the land of rain and mist, I have seen very little of either while there. However, they do exist and in October and November the fog is more than disagreeable. I had the

pleasure of meeting Mrs. Charles Wyndham, the wife of Sir Charles Wyndham, the celebrated actor. She told me the fog was so thick one evening, while driving to the theatre, that her coachman was compelled to stop and let her out, not being able to proceed any further. I am not surprised at this, and any visitor would not be, once he had seen the crowded state of the thoroughfares. The fog of England, I am told, has mystified the scientific men and they have never been able to properly account for it.

The First Time I Visited London

I carried an umbrella every day for two weeks, without ever opening it. I was under the impression this was the reason it did not rain, but this could hardly be the case since almost every other person in London carries an umbrella, rain or shine, all the year round. If you notice an Englishman's arm you will perceive it is generally poised at a right angle most of the time, whether an umbrella is hanging from it or not. It is force of habit. They always carry something on that arm. If it is not an umbrella, it is a coat, a magazine or some papers.

I do not think I can do better here, than give you some recent impressions of London written by Mr. Frederick Upham Adams, a well known American writer who has been supplying a number of newspapers with a series of letters on "How Cities Are Governed in Great Britain."

What Mr. Adams Says :

Those who have read "Colonel Monroe's Doctrine" and other writings need not be assured of the literary excellence of this series of articles. The author takes his readers with him and together they study the real Englishman of to-day; admiring his progress, smiling at his follies and protesting at that national taint which he fondly imagines to be conservatism.

England is facing the most momentous crisis in the history of modern nations. Her commercial, manufacturing and political existence is directly menaced by relentless outside rivals and by the inertia of a stolid internal stupidity. The alert statesmen of all countries are eagerly watching her next moves on the world's chess board, and unless signs are misleading a commercial war is pending of most stupendous magnitude, and one from which the United States cannot hope to escape unscathed.

The English Railway Train

The American who can restrain a smile at the first sight of an English railway train is either absolutely lacking in the sense of humor or is depressed over a recent death in his family. They look like the toy trains one expects to find at Coney Island or at other kindred resorts.

It may be possible to design a structure more unsightly and uncomfortable than the standard English compartment passenger car, but no one has yet succeeded in doing it. It is difficult to describe it and more so to comprehend the excuse for its existence. Take a small freight car just high enough for a well proportioned man to stand erect in. From floor to roof erect three or four partitions so as to completely separate one "compartment" from another. Then place two benches in each compartment so that they will face one another. The backs must be perfectly straight, and under no.

circumstances must an attempt be made to conform to the curves which an all-wise Providence designed for the human body. Each bench holds five passengers, and when properly seated their knees should strike and their feet interlock. Overhead are shelves for "luggage." You are allowed to put anything in a compartment which will go through the side doors. There is a "luggage" van for articles of the size of baby carriages. On most trains there are three classes of compartments, viz: first, second and third class. The fares on the third class are about half those on the first and those on the second class half way between, but since the accommodations are practically the same in all of these, the average traveller saves his money by patronizing the third class cars. Were it not for the signs one would have no way of knowing whether he were in a first or a third class compartment, except for the plush

velvet furnishings of the seats and an extra amount of decorations.

The Station Officials Are Aged Men

some of whom probably knew Stevenson when he was a boy. Six of us took our seats in a compartment. It was a cold, raw day and the compartment contained no steam coils or other devices for giving heat. An Englishman entered and wrapped his feet and legs up in a "travelling rug." Unless you carry one of these heavy and cumbersome things about with you in England pneumonia will mark you for an untimely end. I had no rug, and the outlook was desperate. At this crisis the door opened again and a station employe slid a long rectangular piece of metal along the floor, dropping it with a dull thud.

"What is that?" I asked of an English fellow passenger, ashamed a moment later of my shocking display of ignorance.

He evidently resented my addressing him without the formality of an introduction, but yielded enough to inform me that it was a "foot warmer." He removed his gloves, placed his hand fearlessly upon it and looked at his companion with a slight expression of surprise on his face.

"It's warm; don't you know!" he said.

"My word; it is! Extraordinary!" exclaimed the other. We all solemnly placed our hands upon it and felt the pleasing sensation of heat.

"What makes it hot?" I asked determined to pursue my investigation to the bitter end.

"It's filled with hot water," answered my English friend, with a pitying smile. Somehow, I felt that he suspected I was an American. His next words confirmed that suspicion.

"You don't have those in America?" he said with a rising inflection.



GROUP ON SS. CANADA, CAPTAIN BROWN ON RIGHT



"Our country folk use something like it when they go bob-sled riding." I said, anxious to prove that my native country is well abreast of the progress of the age. "When I was a boy my mother used to wrap a brick in a flannel cloth and put it in the bed to warm our feet. We have a great many of the modern improvements, even if ours is a new and undeveloped country." I concluded, fearing to say more in case he would think me boastful, like so many of my countrymen.

Getting Out of a Train

Now the exit from the standard English train, even when it has come to a standstill at a station, is rather a serious matter for a novice. On many trains the doors are locked from the outside by a station employe, and when you reach your destination you must wait to have it unlocked or else open the window—if you can—and crawl

out. But in this instance the door was not locked, and the operation of escaping was comparatively simple.

There is no knob, handle, or other opening device on the inside—why, no one seems to know—so the wise traveller lowers the window, reaches out his hand by a contortive effort and turns the fastenings, which is exactly similar to that on the ordinary, public hack or carriage. Then he alights, letting in a blast of cold air. The one sitting nearest the door is supposed to close the window. When the conductor desires to collect or inspect tickets the train is halted at a station long enough to permit him to open each separate door for that purpose. No one calls out the next station or the one at which you have stopped.

How Not To Do Things

As an example of how not to do a thing the English railroad is without a peer in this boundless universe. There are better trains in the kingdom than the one from Tilbury, but the one just faintly described is a fair sample of what one has to patronize, unless making long and direct journeys. It is impossible to put in print the terrors and discomforts of a day spent in a compartment car. It is not an uncommon thing for women to be maltreated and even murdered without being able to make an outcry or in any way attract attention. You are likely to be locked in with a besotted human beast and forced to endure his company for hours. The bigoted, home-raised Englishman objects to the modern American type of railway coach on the ground that it is "too promiscuous." He says he wishes "seclusion."

My First Impression of London

as the cab swung out of St. Pancras Station and through a maze of crooked streets, was the absolute perfection of the stone pavements over which we were driving. There are thousands of miles of solid stone pavements in London, almost as smooth as newly laid asphalt, and I doubt if any city in the United States can duplicate a hundred yards of it. There is no secret or deep mystery concerning the manner in which this over-weening superiority has been attained. English cities expend vast sums of money on their street pavements. They spend it honestly, intelligently, and lay a pavement to last, not a year, but a century.

My Second Impression

was that there were no street obstructions. On every hand old buildings were being torn down and new and grander ones rearing in their places. Many of the streets were narrow, but no piles of brick nor steaming mortar beds filled one fourth the space of the thoroughfare. No delivery waggons backed up to a curb and deliberately unloaded while a procession of vehicles formed in line to await the convenience of a lazy and impudent driver. From curb to curb the streets of London are absolutely reserved for traffic. No city in the world has so stupendous a traffic and in no city are horses so rapidly driven; yet accidents are so rare as to be almost unheard of.

Traffic holds to the left instead of to the right, as in our country, and in most others. The driver who swings a foot across the centre of the street is liable to arrest and

severe punishment. At all crossings of consequence are "isle of safety," oval raised spaces in which the pedestrian can stand until the way is clear for his passage. New York, Chicago and other American cities are in the infant class so far as the regulation of street traffic is concerned, when one watches the clockwork precision on London's swarming highways.

Who Directs the Miracle?

The London "bobby"—the clubless, unarmed, silent and undemonstrative London policeman. I first saw him at work when the cabby turned into Trafalgar Square, circled past the National gallery and was about to turn into the Strand. Ahead of us and behind us was an unbroken line of cabs, busses and vehicles of all descriptions. To the right another glittering line was swiftly passing. We had just reached the angle formed by the Strand and St. Martin's lane when a man wearing an oilcloth helmet and

a long waterproof cape raised the forefinger of his right hand. I doubt if the driver tightened the reins. Even the cab horses know what that raised forefinger means. We stopped right then and there. The entire line halted like a toy railroad train which runs against a parlor wall. Across the opening my companion pointed to a prancing team and a carriage with a glittering crest.

The Duke of Bedford

"That's the Duke of Bedford," he said. "It would have made no difference were it the equipage of the Prince of Wales."

It was as he said. Rich and poor, high and low, aristocrat and plebian stand on one democratic plane when it comes to crossing a street in London. Only the King has the right of way, and he seldom uses it. Through the parted stream of traffic the foot passengers passed in safety,

like the Children of Israel, when Moses raised his wand and parted the waves of the Red Sea. Thus on hundreds of street intersections vehicles yield to pedestrians and pedestrians to vehicles, both great tides checked intermittently to move again steadily and swiftly on.

"All of these drivers cannot be paragons of virtue and discipline," I said to my London friend, as an officer gave the signal that we might go on. "Suppose our cabby had disregarded that raised forefinger? He would have been arrested, I presume?"

"Not now," replied my instructor. "That would have stopped traffic, and nothing is permitted to do that. The officer would have taken his number, and he would have been arrested to-morrow morning, or possibly this evening. He might serve a jail sentence or lose his license, or possibly both. It is very seldom that a driver violates the rules of the road. Whenever a pedestrian

is injured it is generally his own fault. In Germany, when a street accident occurs, they arrest the one who is run over, and do not molest the driver. They assume that the pedestrian is to blame, hold him for disturbing the peace, and in nine instances out of ten they are right."

There are hundreds of streets in London which bear a traffic far in excess of Fifth Avenue, New York, but the police have not the slightest difficulty in handling it. When one pauses to consider that nearly 500 persons were killed last year on the streets of New York alone, and that thousands were crippled and maimed for life, it would seem the part of common sense to profit from the example of London, a city with a vastly greater traffic and one moving with much greater velocity and in which deaths are almost unknown and accidents reduced to the minimum. The remedy is simplicity itself. Enact a plain law and back up

the crossing officers in their enforcement of it.

Laws Enforced Without Fear or Favor

It would not take a year to curb the brutes who run down pedestrians in our larger cities. They do not permit children to drive horses in London streets. You never see an officer spring at a horse's head, or engage in a profane wrangle with a reckless driver. The law is the law in London, and the secret of its success is found in the fact that it is enforced without fear or favor. The moment a driver dares to violate the law, he ceases to be a driver. If a pedestrian chooses to pass through a line of moving vehicles he does so at his peril. Nor is your London street traveller a leisurely individual. He is as much in a hurry as his hustling brother in Chicago, but he has learned that there is nothing to be gained by taking desperate chances.

The score therefore stands even. The English railways are atrocious, but the London method of handling street traffic approaches perfection. There are indications that England is about to adopt the best features of the American railway system. They dislike to do it, but there seems no alternative. Are there any indications that we shall discard our obsolete, stupid and dangerous street traffic anarchy.

What Kipling Says

Supporting the above views, or impressions, I might casually quote part of a letter recently written by Mr. Rudyard Kipling, to M. H. d'Humieres, a well known French literateur and author, of "L'Ille et l'Empire," which reads as follows:—

"There exists—I am glad you have not perceived it—an England which is sleeping, ruined by its excess of prosperity, and, because it snores loudly, imagines itself to be thinking.

In your commentaries on the army you appear to me to have touched a vital point of our system in saying of our soldiers that "they understand that they must not understand." I think that is the secret of much of our success, as well as of many of our reverses. It is the first thing we teach our boys.

I should like to discuss many interesting points in your book, particularly what you observe on our national coldness of temperament. No, our "chastity" is not mere cant. It is an administrative necessity imposed by the density of our population with 400 inhabitants to every square mile, all imbued with refined and aggressive sensuality! It would be an orgie. Trade would suffer by it. Then, again, we are a meat-fed people, of whom 6,000,000 (more than a seventh) inhabit a town which for five months in the year only exchanges semi-darkness for profound obscurity.

We realize that this causes nervous excitement, and we take exercise in order to balance the abnormal stimulus. We understand that we must not understand. To understand everything would, doubtless, be to pardon everything: but it would also mean to commit everything."

Compartment Car Experiences

The compartment cars of England are somewhat exaggerated in the minds of Americans and Canadians.

There are two descriptions of cars. Those used for short distances are divided into small compartments with doors on either side which open on to the station platforms. The others are divided in the same way, but on one side of the car is a small narrow passage which permits passengers to walk from one compartment, or carriage to the other, without their going outside. In fact the cars are vestibuled and you may walk the whole

length of the train for that matter. This is a great improvement on the former style which is so loudly criticized by visitors from the American Continent, accustomed to large spacious coaches.

I had several interesting experiences which will better describe the inconvenience which one is likely to come in contact with in these compartments.

On one occasion I was travelling from London to Windsor. A German, travelling with his wife, entered a compartment and took the first two seats, facing one another, alongside the windows. An English workman came in and took the place next to the German, putting his feet up on the opposite seat alongside the German's wife. I had one of the remaining six seats. The German loudly protested against the ungentlemanly act but the Englishman paid him little attention and kept on reading a newspaper. For a few minutes I was under

the impression there would be a lively row, which was possibly only avoided by the timely arrival of the guard who ordered the Englishman to take his feet off the seat next to the German's wife, unless he had two tickets.

Another case of unpleasantness occurred when on my way from London to Harwich, on a special train crowded with passengers bound for the Continent. In company with two other friends we entered one of the compartments which was shortly afterwards filled with three other young men. The latter were evidently bent on a good time, and were slightly under the influence of liquor. It was not long before they produced a flask of whiskey and began drinking and making themselves boisterously unpleasant. The compartment became too warm for them, and notwithstanding it was a cold and rainy night, one of them deliberately smashed the glass in the two windows

and the door to allow the air and rain to rush in for their personal benefit. We resented this action and for a time it looked as though there would be a free fight between the two factions. In fact to this day I have not been able to know how it was avoided. We attempted to find accommodation in another compartment, but the whole train was crowded and this was impossible.

On my return from Harwich to London my compartment was entered by a Norwegian botanist who had been on the Continent gathering specimens for his University. He had a large basket, which, from the odour, evidently contained a quantity of decayed matter. In addition to this he smoked some tobacco that was beyond endurance. I had not noticed before getting on the car the little paper sign "smoking" on the window, or I might have been able to avoid this offensive experience, but



Photo Col. E. C. Wurtele

A GROUP OF STEWARDS, SS. LAKE CHAMPLAIN

I must confess I preferred the odour of the smoke to that coming from the basket. As the train was a special one with only three or four stops between Harwich and London, a distance of over a hundred miles, I was a victim of these highly flavoured smells for three long hours.

Another incident, illustrating the disagreeable experiences one has to come in contact with, occurred while I was travelling between Doncaster and Liverpool. I had visited the former place to see the celebrated St. Leger steeplechase meeting. Doncaster is quite a small village, but on this memorable event over fifty thousand people were there from all parts of England. Most of this enormous crowd leave the village after the races and you can imagine the great rush and crush which takes place at the single railway station on returning home. I must, however, give the railway authorities credit for being able to handle a

crowd of this magnitude in surprisingly quick time. There are two tracks and four trains back up on them every fifteen minutes. There is a large placard outside the station denoting the departure of each, and for what points. Those having tickets for these trains are admitted to the station fifteen minutes before departure time, and in this manner the big crowd is handled with very little disorder or confusion. I managed to get a seat in an empty compartment, but when the train left, I had nine fellow travellers or excursionists, although there were only six seats. My companions were more or less friendly with one another, but having imbibed in a fair quantity of "bitters" (beer) on the race track, they were in no mood for sleeping, or keeping order. My experience in that compartment for the several hours it took to cover the distance was about the worst I ever had.

Another disagreeable thing about a com-

partment car is the fact that there is no alternative if you are "up against" such experiences as I have related. Such scenes could never take place in our American cars.

England's Hotels

In Canada hotels have commodious entrances which are known as rotundas. In one part of them you will see a large book on the counter, which is known as the register, while behind it you will notice several clerks, and behind them again a cabinet, a collection of small keys and letter boxes, numbered from one upwards, to the number of rooms in the hotel. When you arrive, you go up to this counter, register your name, obtain your room and any mail matter which may be waiting for you, and an employee known as a bell boy escorts you to your apartment. The rate is usually arranged at the time you register. It is generally on the American plan and includes room, meals, service, etc.

Now in England things are different. While in Canada hotels are almost all on the American plan, which includes everything you desire for your comfort, in the way of board and lodging at the rate of so much per day, in England and on the continent the European plan exists everywhere. This involves the payment of so much for your room, while everything else, such as meals, light, special service, etc., are extra. Your bill, if you remain at an English hotel for any length of time, will probably be long enough to scare you or make you miss your train, if you attempt to check it. When you arrive at the hotel you look for the secretary's office. This is the name given the manager on the other side of the Atlantic. His office is generally to be found in a small room off the entrance. Here you asked for a "key," not a room. You arrange your rate which averages from six shillings a day and upwards. Then you pay, or have charged,

everything else as you go. Your breakfast at any of the first class hotels cannot cost you much less than three shillings, if you take what is known as the "Club Breakfast", which will probably consist of oatmeal, eggs, rolls, marmalade, tea or coffee. Anything else is extra. Lunch will be from 3s. to 4s. and dinner about 5s. to 7s. Totalling it all up, hotel life is just as expensive in England as it is anywhere in America. The one feature of all English hotels is their comfortable lounging, writing, reading and palm rooms. While the rotunda is the central gathering place of Canadians and Americans, the cafe or reading rooms take its place in England. I must say that I noticed a very commendable change in the Hotel Russell (where I stopped), and in the Savoy and Cecil, to the old fashioned houses which formerly were once so popular with the Canadian traveller. The Russell is certainly one of Eng-

land's best and most modern hotels, while the Savoy and Cecil have all the grandeur and luxury which is necessary to extract the gold dollar from the pockets of the wealthy Americans. Never mind what hotel you stay at in England, if you meet an Englishman, he will most likely inform you it is not the best. The best hotels in London in his estimation are generally the hotels you hear very little about, and not calculated to be those which the average traveller visits when he goes to London. My impression is that Londoners are very self-contained about a great many things in this respect, and they cannot blame the outside world for forming wrong opinions of their mode of living and habits, if they keep themselves in such seclusion. I trust the good work of the Atlantic Union, which is fully explained in another part of these letters will enlighten the visitor to England.

Civility of Hotel Clerks

The hotel clerks, that is, those in the hotel I was stopping at (Hotel Russell) were most civil and polite. Just imagine; I mailed about one hundred souvenir cards, and perhaps fifty letters, at various times, day and night, during my week's stay, and never had I to stick a postage stamp on any one of them. And what is more, every time most obligingly, and much to my surprise, I asked for stamps, I was promptly met with "Please allow me to put them on." On one occasion I wanted a letter registered and the clerk sent a page to the post office, had the letter registered and then handed me the receipt. These attendants are well informed on the postage to foreign countries, as well as everything else, and can immediately tell you how much postage each letter requires.

Hotel Help

Sometimes they are slow and sometimes they are not. It just happens according to the hour you require them. In my room was a Hersog Teleseme. Now this is a button which rings respectively for a "waiter, chambermaid, valet, page, hot water, cold water, send luggage down, send luggage up and help." The last call is to be used only in cases of emergency. By the above invention you save the bell boys, or pages as they are called in England, considerable locomotion. It so happened on the day of my arrival that something went wrong with the electric apparatus in my room and I reported the matter to the office. The gentleman in charge made a quick note of it on a pad and informed me it would have the hotel's prompt and immediate attention. About five p.m., I returned to my room for an hour's quiet rest, having slept very little on the train the previous evening.

I noticed the electric work was unattended to, so I rang up a page. After waiting for over five minutes with no response I found I could make the necessary repairs myself so I let the matter go. After I was comfortably ensconced upon my lounge, about to enter upon a little nap, the page arrived. When I had dispensed with him and relapsed into the comatose state of an afternoon sleep, the electrical man appeared, and about six p. m., when I had entered upon that "quiet rest" for the third time, the valet who in the morning had informed me that it was next to impossible to press two suits on the same day, put in an appearance with the clothes on his arm. I arose and called a truce with myself on the sleep question, not certain who would be my next disturber. But it is not always like this. One night I looked for an extra pair of boots, with the intention of putting them outside my door to be cleaned by the morn-

ing. They were not to be found anywhere in my trunk, grip, or around the room. I could have sworn I had seen them the day before. However I came to the conclusion that I had left them behind somewhere, so decided to write next morning to a hotel in Liverpool and another in Harwich, where I had respectively remained over night. The next morning, to my great astonishment, when the maid brought me up my hot water in a small tin can with a spout, much resembling a flower watering-pot, she meekly asked if I did not want my boots as well; and, lo and behold, there were the missing footwear, satisfactorily polished and shining. Thus you see how the chambermaids or the "Boots" had studied my interest ahead of time.

Politeness of Servants

You are surprised, if not amazed, at the politeness of the servants of the hotels. Your elevator man greets you with "good morning" as soon as you enter the "lift." As you step out on the ground floor the head man has another salutation and when you enter the breakfast room, the headwaiter is politeness itself while your own waiter thanks you every time you order anything. There is no excitement. Everything is quiet and orderly. You give your order, which is generally taken by the headwaiter and served by the subordinate waiter. One specially noticeable feature, which I thought much of, is the manner the headwaiter will help you out, if you only make an attempt to let him know what you want. He seems to do the rest of the thinking for you. One evening I was in a hurry and wanted a fillet of sole, tomato-lettuce and a pint of Bass. Now, in Eng-

land sole is a delicious morsel of fish; but how was I going to have it served? There are half-a-dozen different ways. Before I had time to decide, not having any particular preference, the head waiter supplied the answer by suggesting one of the various styles, and I can assure you the dish which followed was a treat. I will not attempt to give you the ingredients of the white wine and oyster sauce which came along with the sole, but it was most appetizing. Another day I dropped into one of the big restaurants,—and these are to be seen everywhere in London,—and took a seat in the fish grill-room. Three large grill oven fires were in full view, with a colored cook for each. Again I ordered fillet of sole. A second waiter came up with "Beg pardon sir, but did you order fried sole?" to which I replied, "No, I wanted it broiled." "I thought so, sir," he said "the other man is a new hand and ordered fried sole. I'll

have it countermanded and send you the right order." With that he went off and I received the right order, but never again saw the first waiter. You see, the mistake was discovered before I knew there was one. Evidently the English waiter is supposed to surmise what the guest wants, and if he cannot, he has to give way to others who do.

About Your Hotel Room Door

Among the many things notable about the hotels of England, is the manner in which your door locks. The handle is in the centre of the door and probably your keyhole may be under the knob. When you leave your room the door automatically locks of itself, requiring your key to open it again. I saw a similar locking system in the Hotel Spalding, New York, but the keyhole was in the knob instead of to the side of the door. The key was also a small

flat key similar to those used with the Yale lock. I often wondered if the guests at this hotel ever experienced much difficulty in getting into their rooms, after attending a dinner. It was the first lock of the kind I had ever seen on this side of the ocean, although every hotel in England of any standing has the knobs in the centre of the door with the automatic lock. In Canada or the United States in almost every hotel, you have to lock or unlock your door going in or out of your room. Therefore I consider the English system a better one and a saver of time. The English hotel keys are somewhat smaller than those of the ordinary Canadian hotel, to which are attached large brass plates, about four inches square, bearing the number of your room. They are generally so very large that you can hardly put them into your pocket. Of course the reason for this is to prevent guests carrying them away.

Seeing London from the Top of a Bus

There are many ways of seeing London but none so novel or interesting as from the top of a bus. The streets are crowded with them. They are all alike; covered all over with all kinds of glaring advertisements. Trafalgar Square is one good point to start from. All the busses seem to make this the starting or finishing point. Remember the color and title of the bus you get on, and when you want to return take one of the same color and title which happens to be going in the opposite direction. Then there is no danger of your getting lost. But here is the secret of seeing London from the top of a bus. Try and get a seat near the driver and slip him a penny or two, with a slight hint that you would like to know some of the principal places of interest, as you roll along. You receive about ten dollars' worth of information for your investment, and you will find

this means in the end, the very best. After you have been in London for a few days you become accustomed to mounting the small spiral stairway in rear of the bus, and if you do not, you are driven to shame by the dexterous feats of married women carrying babes in their arms, or large parcels up and down. While the car is in motion, the passengers, men and women, jump off and on with as much grace and ease, as if they were at a standstill. Of course, these cars stop when desired, and they have regular stopping places at which they draw up whether they are desired or not. As a rule most Londoners know these stations, and will make it a point to be on hand when the bus arrives, rather than have it stop in the middle of a block.



THE STEWARDESSES, SS. LAKE CHAMPLAIN

Busses are Never Overcrowded

You never see a bus overcrowded, or a passenger standing up. The law prevents it. If a car is filled, it never stops until there is a vacancy, which is only caused by some passenger getting off. One night I remember an instance of this kind occurring while I was on my way home from the theatre. I was sitting on top as usual, and the conductor was taking up tickets. The driver was not aware that the bus was crowded, and stopped to allow a lady to get aboard. When the conductor descended from the top of the bus and discovered the lady standing, he quickly pulled the stop-bell and requested her to get off, which she was compelled to do, much to the discomfiture of the chivalrous young men who witnessed the incident, but who were helpless to relieve the situation. As I have said, the laws regarding street traffic are almost perfect. If there were not a strict ad-

herence to them and severe punishment for all infringements, it would be impossible to have such perfect order on the crowded thoroughfare.

The Bus Conductors

What a busy day's work they have! They are on the go without a rest from the time their duties begin until they end. Their eyes, arms, legs and vocal cords never cease from activity. They are all in motion. They receive your money, punch your ticket, with a little machine hanging down their breast, run up and down the spiral stairway, and stop the bus to assist passengers on and off. They have excellent memories and will keep in mind any point you wish to disembark at, notifying you when the bus arrives there, and answering hundreds of questions which are constantly put to them by strangers. I wonder how they can keep it all up. They

do it, however, at a sacrifice of their physical condition, as they are in no way to be compared with the healthy robust looking drivers, who are the personification of good nature and health. There is a vast difference between the duties of the London bus conductor and those of their fellow-workmen in the Canadian towns, for which, the latter have not a little to be thankful, considering how comfortably housed they are in their clean and properly heated electric cars.

Women as Bus Drivers

As in other cities and countries the women are rapidly filling men's positions, but no one ever dreamed that they would rise to that of a bus driver. Nevertheless, while I was in London a woman made a pioneer journey. She did not attract the attention of the police, but the next day the following appeared in one of the local papers:

A Man's Appeal

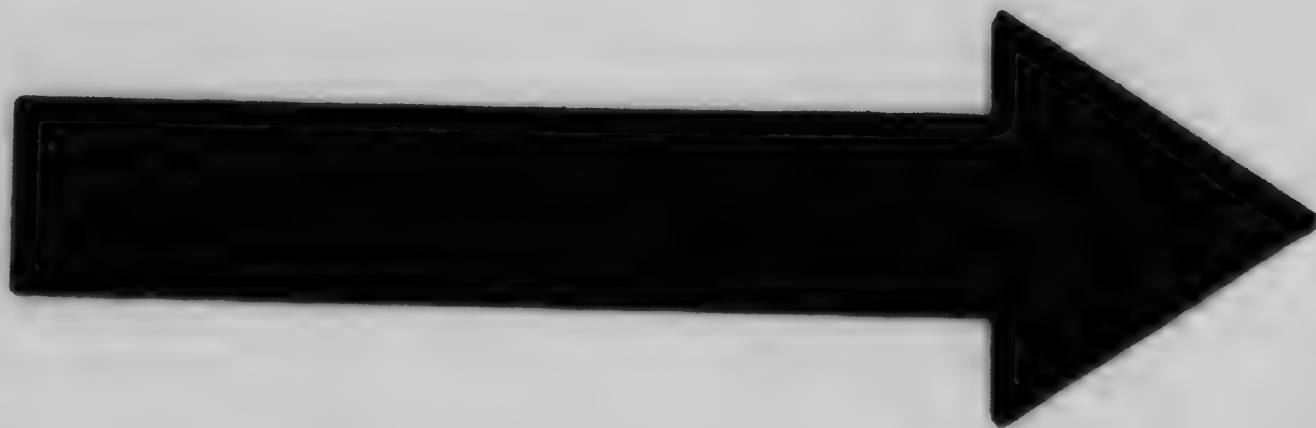
Oh, dearest, leave us just one place,
Where we may flourish uncontested,
Let kindness smile upon your face,
Or everywhere we shall be bested ;
We'll let you rock the cradle, sweet,
And sew the buttons on for us,
We'll let you darn our stocking-feet.
But, oh, please let us drive the bus.
We're more than willing to confess,
We read your glorious title clearly,
To fill our souls with happiness.
And have a hat that's new once yearly,
We'll let you click the type machine,
And let you even doctor us.
We'll let you canvass all serene,
But leave, oh, leave us to our 'bus.
We'll let you write in prose and verse,
And make your living in the garden,
For better, or, to please you, worse,
We'll marry you without a farden ;
But do not plunge us in disgrace,
For nothing really could be wuss,
And leave us still our ancient place
Upon the dear old omnibus.

Coaching in London

There is another very good way of seeing London. It is from the top of a coach, or four-in-hand, driven by a gentleman or his coachman. I am told that many gentlemen whose means are not as large as their fastidious inclinations, go in for this occupation, as a source of revenue, as well as pastime, rather than sacrifice their stable.

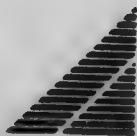
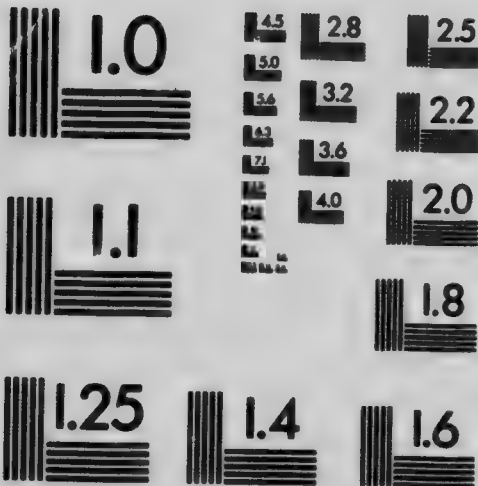
These coaches make the most delightful drives, through town and surrounding country, to some interesting place where a rest of several hours is allowed the "coach-ees" to take in the sights, or, indulge in a hearty dinner at one of the old English Inns.

The start is generally made from any of the large hotels, and I would strongly recommend visitors to London, to at least take one of these outings, which are unexpensive and give one an excellent impres-



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sion of the beautiful rural homes and hedged highways of good old England.

On the same subject it might be mentioned that many of the tourists to Great Britain who have time to spare may have a great deal of enjoyment, in taking the more extended coaching tours, through the interior of England, Scotland and Ireland, lasting over several weeks, particulars of which may be had at any of the hotels, or Cook's tourist offices.

The Cook Tourist Agencies

By the way, the above tourist agencies are one of the great conveniences of travel in England. They afford the stranger every information, politely, carefully and obligingly. Their tickets are honored and respected anywhere on the continent, and in foreign countries. I have found them a great convenience, and in passing the borders or custom officials you are given every

courtesy, prompt attention, and any special favours which it is possible for the obliging officers to extend to the honest looking traveller. The Cook agencies are certainly ahead of anything we have in this country.

The Theatres

And they are innumerable and supply all kinds of entertainment. The comic opera comes first in point of popularity, with musical comedy plays making a good second. The drama and tragedy follow, but they must have strong casts to draw the crowds which attend the other houses. Of course the music hall is as popular as ever. In fact it can be looked upon as the staple source of amusement in London. London papers all admit that the theatre-loving patrons want to be amused and not mentally taxed. I believe they are right.

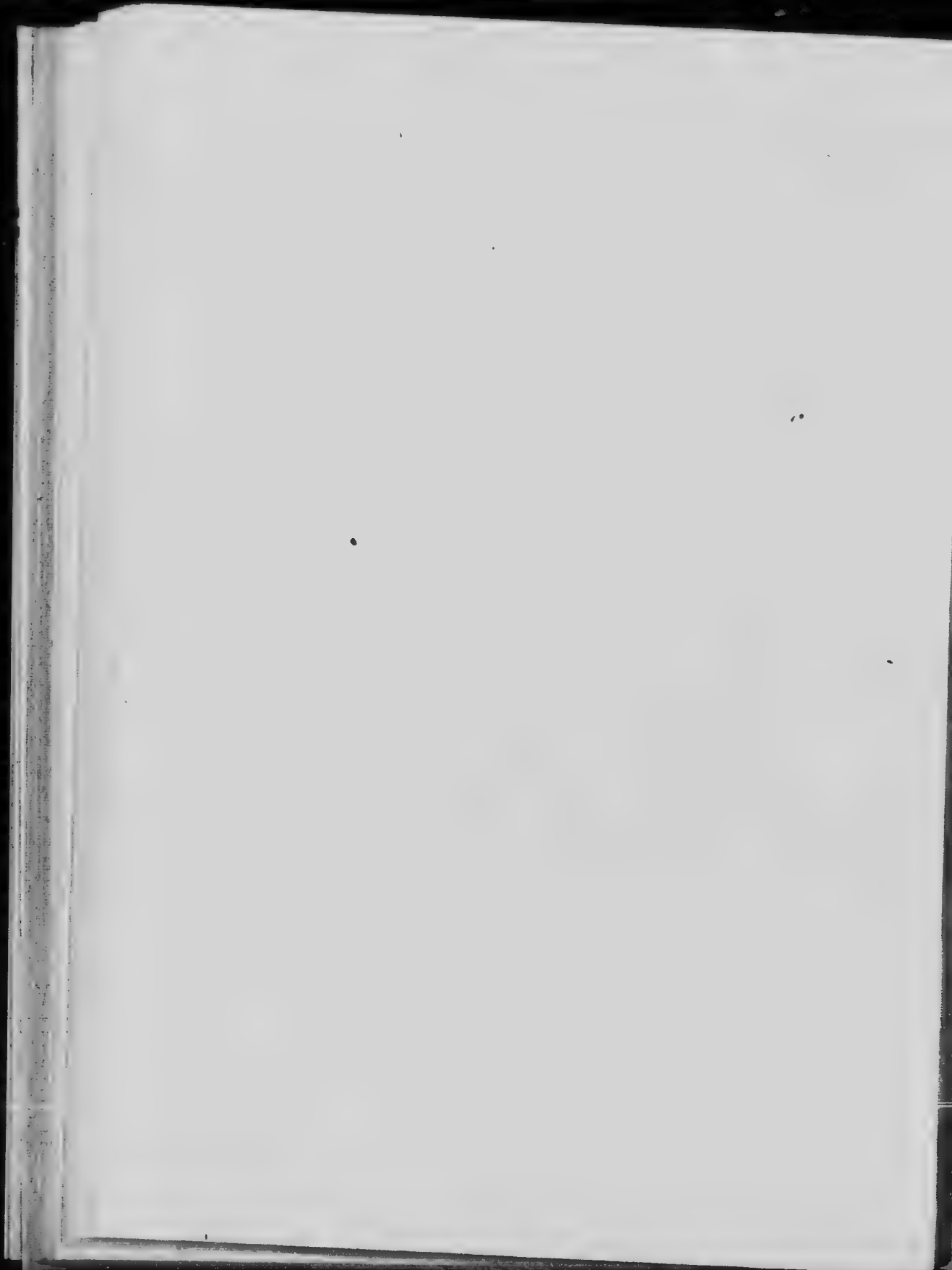
The London Pavilion

Among the many notable attractions, I saw was the spectacular play "Siberia", in the London Pavilion. Probably this piece may be changed, by the time many readers see this book, but it makes very little difference, as I am sure that any other production, which follows, will be quite as sensational. The size of this theatre certainly affords the promoters an opportunity to put on attractions of the magnitude of "Siberia." The first part of the entertainment is a vaudeville performance, not given on the stage, but in a large ring in the centre of the theatre, where the orchestra and parquette chairs are located in our American play houses. The stage is in the regular place, but the curtain remains down until the vaudeville is over. Then the first act of "Siberia" is started upon it. It opens with a scene in St. Petersburg where the daughter of the Czar has fallen in love



Photo Col. E. C. Wurtele

1st, 2nd AND 3rd OFFICERS, LAKE
CHAMPLAIN



with an officer in the army who is in bad odour with the autocratic ruler. The officer is arrested on some trumped up charge, and banished to Siberia. His sweetheart follows him, and is, in turn, followed by her father and a large body of Cossacks. The girl overtakes the band of shackled prisoners on the road to exile, suffering under the unmerciful tyranny and cruelty of the officer in charge, who has been secretly instructed to have little mercy upon a "certain" prisoner. While the officers are carousing and sleeping off the effects of strong drink, the girl succeeds in making herself known to her lover, whom she releases from his heavy chains, and the two then liberate the rest of the prisoners. The released convicts have barely got away when the Royal equipage with the Czar and his party, arrive on the excited scene. Then begins one of the most thrilling and realistic man chases, ever enacted upon the

London stage. While the first act has been going on, the large ring in the centre of the theatre, upon which the vaudeville performance took place, has been transformed into a large pond, the water of which is from eight to ten feet deep. Then comes the final act. The stage mechanically lowers a foot or two above the level of the water. The scene is a winter forest in Siberia, through which the escaping prisoners are fleeing for their lives, followed by the soldiers, guards and cavalry. The water is supposed to be a river upon the border of which the prisoners arrive, with no other way of escape than by fording it. Their pursuers are close upon them, and there is no time to think of anything else. They excitedly plunge headforemost, into the cold water and swim across to the other side, which is a continuation of the forest scenery on the stage. The hero of the story, rifle in hand, with his girl by his side,

stands back in ambush near by, and as the military arrive on the bank of the river and plunge into the water he succeeds in shooting down the cruel officer in charge of the captives. The cavalry, in the meantime, arrive at a daring rate of speed and follow the soldiers. The audience by this time are simply spellbound with excitement. The horses with their riders, jump madly into the water and disappear from view for a few seconds, then reappear and swim across the water space, a distance of over one hundred feet, where they have another exciting time getting up on the other bank. to madly continue the pursuit. Riders fall off their horses, and horses tumble over one another in such a state of commotion and struggle, that it would be almost impossible to imagine a more thrilling or exciting scene. The final act of the spectacular production is the running away of the unicorned horses that are attached to

the sleigh conveying the Czar and his party, and which have become unmanageable in the excitement of the wild race, and come dashing along down the centre of the stage at a furious speed, and with sleigh, party and all, disappear in the centre of the lake, amidst the enormous applause of the audience and the descent of the curtain.

The London Coliseum

Since writing the foregoing a new theatre has been lately opened in London, which is considered the latest wonder of the world. It is called the London Coliseum, and is one of the largest places of entertainment and home of variety in London. It is to be found on St. Martin's Lane and in extent, design, decoration and programme, is said to be unsurpassed by any other place of amusement.

A new rule will be inaugurated, in the reservation of every seat in the house, from

the lowest priced, — sixpence, and upwards, By this innovation the poorer classes—who heretofore, have been compelled to stand in line, as I have already described,—will be as well provided for, as the rich person, who had the advantage of making his booking in advance of the entertainment.

For those who are not partial to the climbing of stairs the Coliseum supplies what no other theatre in Europe supplies—electric lifts to carry to the upper parts of the building or to the elegantly-appointed smoking-lounge in the basement. An attractive feature of the *grand salon* is the ladies' sitting-room, fitted up in the most *recherché* style, with couches, writing-tables, pedestals with ferns and flowers, mirrors, electric reading-lamps, &c. Fancy that! Then there is a bureau with telephone accommodation, typists to take down your letters if you are too lazy to write them, and messenger boys to carry them if you are in

a hurry. In the cloak-room, there are no fees, and—here is

Another Splendid Innovation

—a handsomely printed descriptive programme is supplied in every section of the house at the uniform price of one penny. Haven't you often wondered at the rule which at so many other houses has ordered that the more you have paid for your seat the more you have paid for your programme? Of course, you have.

Another attraction which the theatre can boast of is a revolving stage which can be run at any speed up to twenty miles an hour and which will provide for some very thrilling effects.

Within a month after this theatre was opened, a jockey and his horse, were hurled off the stage by this contrivance and landed in the orchestra. While the horse escaped uninjured, the jockey was killed. Accidents

of this kind have now been made impossible since this fatal mishap.

Odds and Ends About Theatres

There are bars in mostly every theatre, one on each floor. From these spirituous liquors, cigarettes and cigars are sold to the men, and bonbons, ice cream and coffee, to the women. Between the acts the female ushers have a busy time. Programmes are sold at sixpence and almost everybody buys one. While the theatres are crowded nightly very few Englishmen will pay for standing room, so when a house is sold out, that is the end of that night's receipts. Canadians can thank their stars they have not to pay London theatre prices. A seat on the ground floor in any of the twenty or thirty leading theatres costs \$2 up to \$5; on the first balcony \$2, the third \$1 to \$1.50, and so on up to the roof, the lowest price being 50 or 75 cents. There are a very large

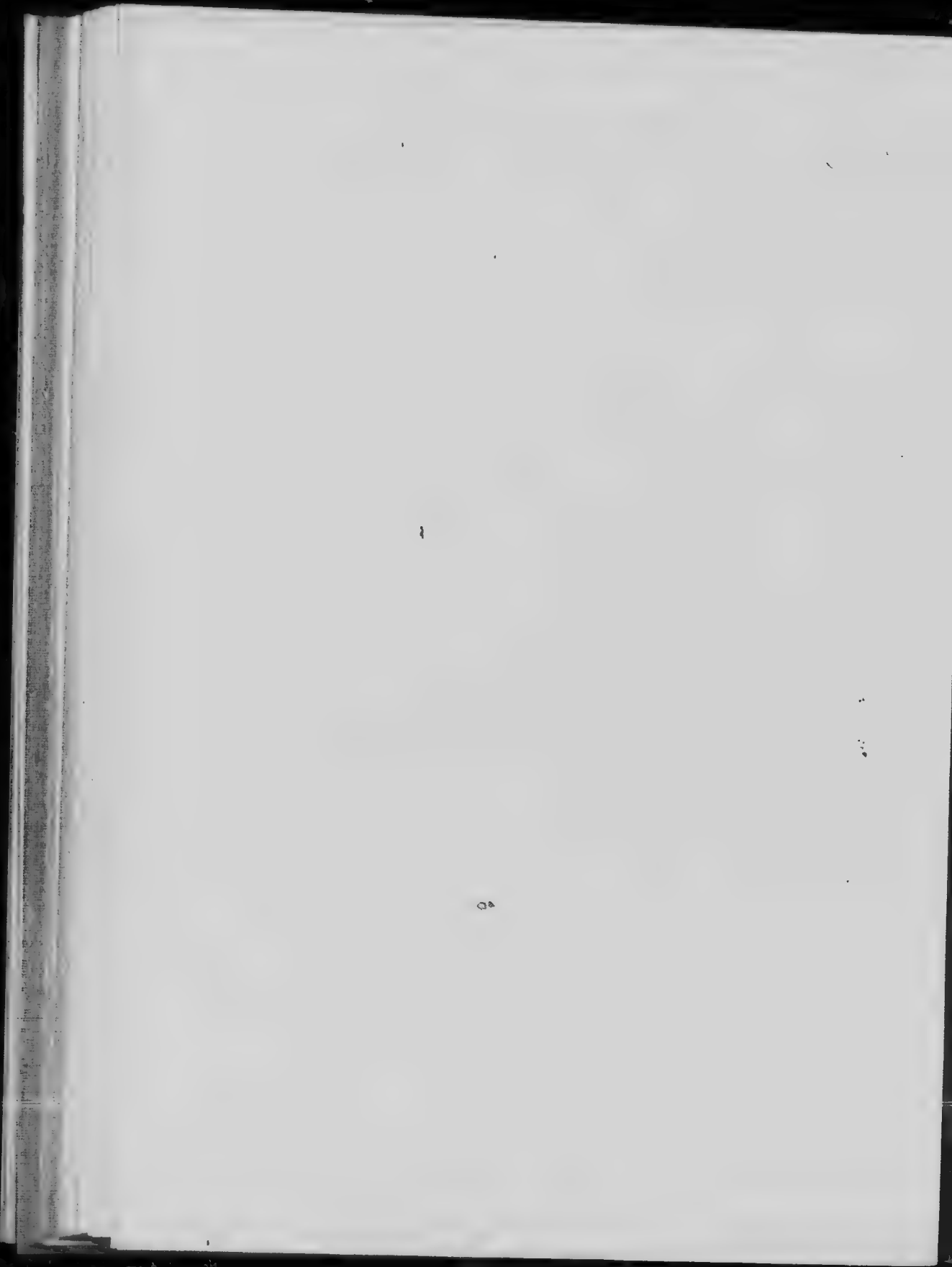
number of less important theatres where the prices of admission are considerably lower.

The Poor Crippled Boy at the Theatre

After the theatres close it is interesting to see the number of cripples who are on the alert to secure carriages for the patrons. One young fellow with crutches and only one eye and one leg, weak and delicate looking, the picture of abject misery, was standing near me while I was looking at the exit of the Adelphi. He tried in vain to make a few pence, but the other fellows were stronger and managed to get ahead of him. I quietly slipped a few coins into his hand. Just then he made a dart forward without apparently noticing my action and proffered his services to a pompous looking personage of the female sex, who gave him an abrupt rebuke, which in its cruelty, as it appeared to me, made him



A NOVEL SCENE ON DECK



retreat to his corner, next to me, where he turned around and said "Thankee sir, it's the fust I've had to-day, and I wanted it so badly for a bed to-night. Thankee sir." The throng had left the theatre, the poor boy tipped his hat as I passed over the road to my luxurious hotel with misty eyes and a desire for a million dollars to help that poor boy who I believe did want my little assistance and at that very time; and many other such sad cases we see on the streets of London, in the best parts at almost any time. What must it be in the slums?

War Sentiment in England

One has only to visit the music halls in London, to see how a war feeling excites the people. In the London hippodrome one evening, a well known artist was doing a slight-of-hand act. His closing feature was the display of flags of all nationalities. As each was exposed, but particularly the

Stars and Stripes, Union Jack and Japanese, they were met with a round of applause. The latter came in for the loudest and longest. But the Russian colors were presented amid utter silence, which was all the more marked considering that there were over two thousand persons present. Again, I witnessed in the London Pavilion, another music hall, a baritone singer respond to an encore with an original composition entirely in favor of the Japs. He was applauded to the skies and had to sing a third song. The only other artist who received such a distinction that evening was poor Dan Leno, who made his reappearance upon the stage for the first time that night, after many months absence, on account of severe mental illness. He was encored more out of old time sentiment and sympathy than anything else, and the feeling of everybody was with the poor old comedian, who has amused the English

public for so many years, but was not equal to the occasion that evening.

Since writing the above, news has been received of the death of Leno, from heart disease, on October 31, 1904.

The Cabbies

The cabbies of London are a character type by themselves. They are obliging and well informed. I was surprised at their wonderful knowledge of the big city. They seem to know almost every street and you have to visit London to see what this means. But their expert driving is only second to the bus drivers. How they do it is seemingly miraculous. I was there six days, and never saw a collision. They take you in and out of the most intricate passes in the streets, making hairbreadth escapes from colliding with other vehicles or running over pedestrians. Their fare is very low and it is to their credit that a stranger

can make this admission but it is true nevertheless. From any of the leading hotels you can drive to almost any theatre or important centre for 25 cents, with a few cents for the driver. The tariff is attached to the dash boards of the hansoms and inside of the carriages, in plain view of the fare. You must never forget the cabby's tip as they are not supposed to exist on the meagre weekly wages, but depend almost entirely for a livelihood upon the generosity of the public. The hire is so cheap, one can very well meet their view in the matter of a "tip."

More About Them

There are something like 16,000 cab drivers in London, with their attendants, washers and stablemen, numbering another 5,000, so the trade employs almost a good sized town population. About one in every five is what is known as a cab proprietor.

He owns anywhere in the vicinity of five cabs. There is only one large company, the London Improved Cab Company which controls about 500 vehicles. The drivers hire their cabs for about \$3.00 a day, which includes the lease of a cab and two horses. His day's work is of about 14 hours' duration and his average daily earnings about five shillings, which cannot be said to be a lucrative income to support a family on. While I was in London the newspapers reported a sad case of the suicide of a cabby and his wife. They left a jointly signed note for the world, stating that they had been starving for months and preferred death to a continuance of such an existence. A pathetic sentence in the note, which had a moral of its own, tersely said "cab driving did not pay." Notwithstanding this case of extreme poverty, it may be said that the cabbies are well looked after by the philanthropic public. They have their athletic

building and grounds, some fifty shelters in various parts of the big city, where they can go to read the papers or smoke and drink harmless beverages. They also have their union and their benevolent society, to which they annually pay in five shillings, and when old and disabled receive an annuity of twenty pounds a year. They are exceptionally good to their horses, who are in harness about six hours a day. Three years in a hansom is the average of life for a horse and then he is reduced to the shafts of a four-wheeler, which is considered lighter work.

Honesty Among Cabbies

The cabman provides his own tools—a waterproo, cab apron, rugs, cushion for the box seat, and a whip. The records indicate that the "cabbies" possess on the whole, a high average of character. Out of fifteen thousand licensed cabmen there were according to the figures of a late report

three hundred and twenty-four convictions for reckless driving, one hundred and forty-one for cruelty to their horses, sixty-five for bad language, ninety for assault, and two for overcharge. Nearly thirty thousand articles which had been left in cabs were returned to the office for their owners. Among them were 1,949 purses, one of which contained no less than one hundred and seven pounds. There were also many bags containing considerable sums of money and some jewelry, ninety-four watches, forty-three clocks, besides umbrellas, bags, opera glasses and other articles of every description.

The above somewhat interesting statistics report and give them as I think they will help the visitor to London to think more of the "cabbies," and bears out my statement *re* their reasonable charges, as it will be noticed by the above, that only two were arrested for over charging.

The Bobby

Not so pretentious, or large and muscular looking as the New York policeman is the London "Bobby," but, my! what a well posted man he is. There is no doubt this large city would get all tangled up in a few hours, if it were not for the splendid services rendered by this valiant body of men. Ever alert to duty and with an iron hand of command and power over bus drivers, cabbies and all vehicles on the streets, they simply regulate things so that the traffic goes on in the most congested districts without any very great difficulty or inconvenience. The most of the thoroughfares are very narrow; just large enough for two vehicles to pass, yet the system of each keeping to its own side of the street is so perfect, that a blockade, unless for an accident is very rare. A very common and pathetic sight, is a bobby assisting an old and crippled person across a crowded street.



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON



The whole traffic holds up for the two, never mind how slow they may be moving. But the great advantage of the London bobby, like the cabby, is his knowledge of every street, principal points of interest and important buildings. I was greatly amused one day. I saw two French ladies looking worried about the whereabouts of some place. I thought it was about a bus or a street. A bobby stood in the centre of the thoroughfare. Wanting some information on my own account, I proffered my services to them as well, at the same time. They were looking for Rimmel, the chemist, but mis-pronounced the name. The policeman said he thought there was a mistake in the pronunciation, but if it was Rimmel, it was on such and such a street. To gratify my curiosity I accompanied the ladies, and on the way asked two other bobbies, and both gave me correct information, about the proper location of this store. We took many

turns and arrived at a small perfumery shop on Regent street, some two miles distant from where I asked the first bobby. The French ladies were astonished at my chivalry or courtesy, in the matter, but I explained that I was interested in finding the place, to see if I thought it of sufficient importance for every bobby in the district to know of its whereabouts. Well, I assure you I did not think so, but the incident again went to show how well posted these men are, even in little matters. It might seem only natural that all the bobbies should know where such a well-known chemist as Rimmel was located, but this happened to be but a very small branch of this well-known French perfumery house.

The Post Office Letter Street Carriers

The post office street carriers have no sinecure job in London. Their position, like all government ones, is much coveted by the public, but there is no comparison between their duties and those of the Canadian street letter carrier. This English official is seldom seen in the streets, without his being borne down with a large bag of mail matter, which he carries on his back. The contents are either too large for his arm or it is one of the laws of the Post Office Department that mail matter should be carried in this manner. When these carriers commence their rounds in their respective districts, I was told by one of them, that the bags are invariably full and for the first hour or two the weight is very embarrassing.

First Sunday in London

Should you happen to be in London on a Sunday, I would advise a visit to St. Paul's Cathedral for morning service, and after that a stroll through James Park. If the weather be fine you will have an opportunity to witness the free open air gatherings of the various sects in their respective rôles. You can stand in the centre of the group of speakers, and if you lend your hearing to them all you will be filled with more religion, politics and equal rights outpourings, than you can hear in a church in a lifetime. The scene is a novel one for a Canadian. I saw one very respectable looking group representing the Y.M.C.A., having with them a small organ and a cart full of hymn books. The latter were given out among the crowd and everybody solicited to join in the singing. Another preacher who was calling upon those present to come and save their souls at

the fountain of simplicity and forgiveness, was having very poor success. Within a few feet of this group, was another assemblage, listening to a really very eloquent discussion on the policy of the Liberal Unionist Party. Almost opposite to the latter was a very small man with a very loud voice denouncing the statements of the Liberals, and expatiating upon those of the Conservatives. All in all the whole scene is well worthy of a visit on Sunday.

St. Paul's Cathedral

My visit to St. Paul's on Sunday morning was very interesting. Those who have visited London and have been inside this grand monument of architecture of the past centuries, can picture the service being carried on in the sacred edifice. The interior is so vast in extent and so lofty in height as to overwhelm you with wonder. In the centre is a huge dome which swells

in a vast concave far up in the air, looking like a sky of stone. The St. Paul's choir is probably the best church choir in England. It is also well known in Canada, where some of its members have given a series of concerts. The intonation of this body during the church service has a most beautiful effect, no doubt caused by the reverberations from the walls. It is almost impossible to hear the sermon although sitting near the pulpit. The words of the preacher fall upon the ears in a confused guttural sound produced by the same cause which sends the singing of the choir echoing through the massive structure.

Standing in Line

Almost any night in London you will find a large number of theatre-goers lined up for several hundred feet at the pit entrances of the various theatres. The greater the attraction, the longer the line, but I had no idea that the same thing existed at the church doors. In this I was mistaken as the following experience will show. The only Sunday I was in London I took occasion to visit the famous St. Paul's Cathedral. On the way I noticed a long string of perhaps two hundred persons lined up in front of the Temple Church, waiting patiently for admission. The line was composed of all classes of people. Upon making enquiries I discovered that the preacher, the Rev. Mr. Campbell, had become famous for his sermons to young men. His reputation was so widespread that thousands of people flocked from all over London to hear him. The church

became so crowded at times that it was necessary to set apart a certain gallery for the general public. The rule of "first come first served" prevails, and after this gallery is filled, the doors are closed. I was not aware of this fact until the evening when I sauntered down to the church to see and hear the noted preacher. Imagine my astonishment on arriving at the door to see four stalwart policemen patrolling up and down. I made an attempt to enter but was politely informed by one of the bobbies that no more could be admitted. The service had begun. There was no one standing around but the above guardians. I asked if it was not possible to find room for one more, pleading that I had come a long distance across the sea, to hear the reverend gentleman, but my pleadings had no effect. The policeman said it was out of the question, adding that they had turned away over two thousand people that night. This



Photo Col. E. C. Wurtele
CAPTAIN STEWART OF SS. LAKE CHAMPLAIN

gives you a slight idea of the way the churches are crowded in London, as well as the theatres.

A Church in the Way

A short distance from St. Paul's Cathedral, and a little further westward standing in the middle of the busy Strand, is another church. It is like an oasis in the desert. But the city of London has made every effort to purchase it for the improvement of that part of the thoroughfare, but it has occupied that site for such a long period of years, being built when that section of the Strand was a residential and not a commercial street, that the descendants and present trustees refuse even to consider the question of sale and so you see a church standing all by itself, without even a square foot of grass around it, in the centre of one of London's greatest thoroughfares.

The Crossing Sweeper

Much has been said of this character in London, but I failed to come in contact with any of them during my visit, probably due to the fact that the weather was fine most of the time. But, on the other hand, the English men and women wear such thick soled shoes, I did not see any great necessity for their services, unless "tipping" them be considered an act of charity.

The Tower of London

Canadians should not miss seeing the Tower of London. I mention this place in particular among the many other buildings and features of the city to be seen, as it contains among the vast collections of relics, several pertaining to General Wolfe, the great English military commander who decided the destinies of Canada on the Plains of Abraham on the 13th day of September, 1759.

The Tube

Did you ever intuitively feel you should know things which those holding positions so much inferior to your own, are conversant with and that your pride refuses to allow you to plead ignorance before them. Well, this was my experience in connection with London's tubing system—an underground railway. I had not been long in the great city before I was being directed where to go by a bus conductor. He said: "Go as far as"——street,—then turn to the right and take the tube." I followed his course but could see nothing which resembled a "tube." I thought it might be a large building of such circumference or that it might look like one, which I should pass through or something else of a like description. Not finding it as I expected, I asked a policeman for the address I was looking for, and he likewise told me to take "the tube" and in such a

manner that I was almost frightened to let him know that I was ignorant of what the "tube" was. Then I looked around and waited until I saw a man who I knew would not mind if I appeared simple and ignorant in his estimation, and so I ventured to ask him what "a tube" was. For a moment he was slightly perplexed, and then replied: "Well now, upon my word—Oh, I see what you mean. Why, that's our twopenny tube underground railway. The station is just cross the way," pointing in the proper direction. So you see what a lot of trouble I had to find out what "a tube" really was. The stations on the streets are not very conspicuous, and this is, perhaps, one of the reasons why they are difficult to locate.

Tact and Diplomacy of Two Well Known Americans

Judge Parker, the Democratic candidate in the late American election for the Presidency of the United States, upon visiting London for the first time, made the statement that the city appeared familiar to him through the works of Dickens and Scott, two authors he was very fond of. He highly eulogized both these great men and his eulogy seemed to please the Englishmen, his remarks being reprinted in many of the English journals without comment. Mr. Van Wyck, ex-Mayor of New York, a few months afterwards visited London. He had arrived from Berlin, on his way home, and some enterprising reporter interviewed him. This was easy work for the ex-Mayor. He told the scribe that London had not changed since his last visit some twenty-five years before, and that the people

were living in the same old atmosphere of eating, drinking and theatres. Then he went off into a dream-like comparison of the easy-going and aesthetic habits and customs of the Germans in Berlin, and their magnificent parks, boulevards, and streets. Well, here was where he finished. But the English press at the time of my visit, were not then finished with him. They were very busy using pointed language to tell him that he did not know what he was talking about; that he had better go back and have another Rip Van Winkle sleep, and in the fiercest kind of protestation, were referring him to the sylvan beauties of Hyde Park, etc. Well, Van Wyck did not remain long in London, as he was a passenger on the Baltic. However, I imagine he did not make a hasty retreat from England on account of what he had said to the press, or what they said about him, but the incident

tends to give one a slight impression that you must not tread upon the feelings of the Englishmen with any comparisons, even with such a country as Germany. Then again it shows the tact and diplomacy of two great American public men, telling Englishmen the same thing, but in different ways, and how their opinions were received.

The Pall Mall Gazette

The Pall Mall Gazette commenting on the incident, said:—

“As an ex-Mayor of New York, Mr. Van Wyck gets a hearing for his impressions of European travel, and he has been saying that he finds London just about the same as when he paid his first visit twenty-six years ago. There seems to him to be no recreations here but theatres, eating and drinking, no beautiful parks and woods. When his great congener, Rip Van Winkle awoke

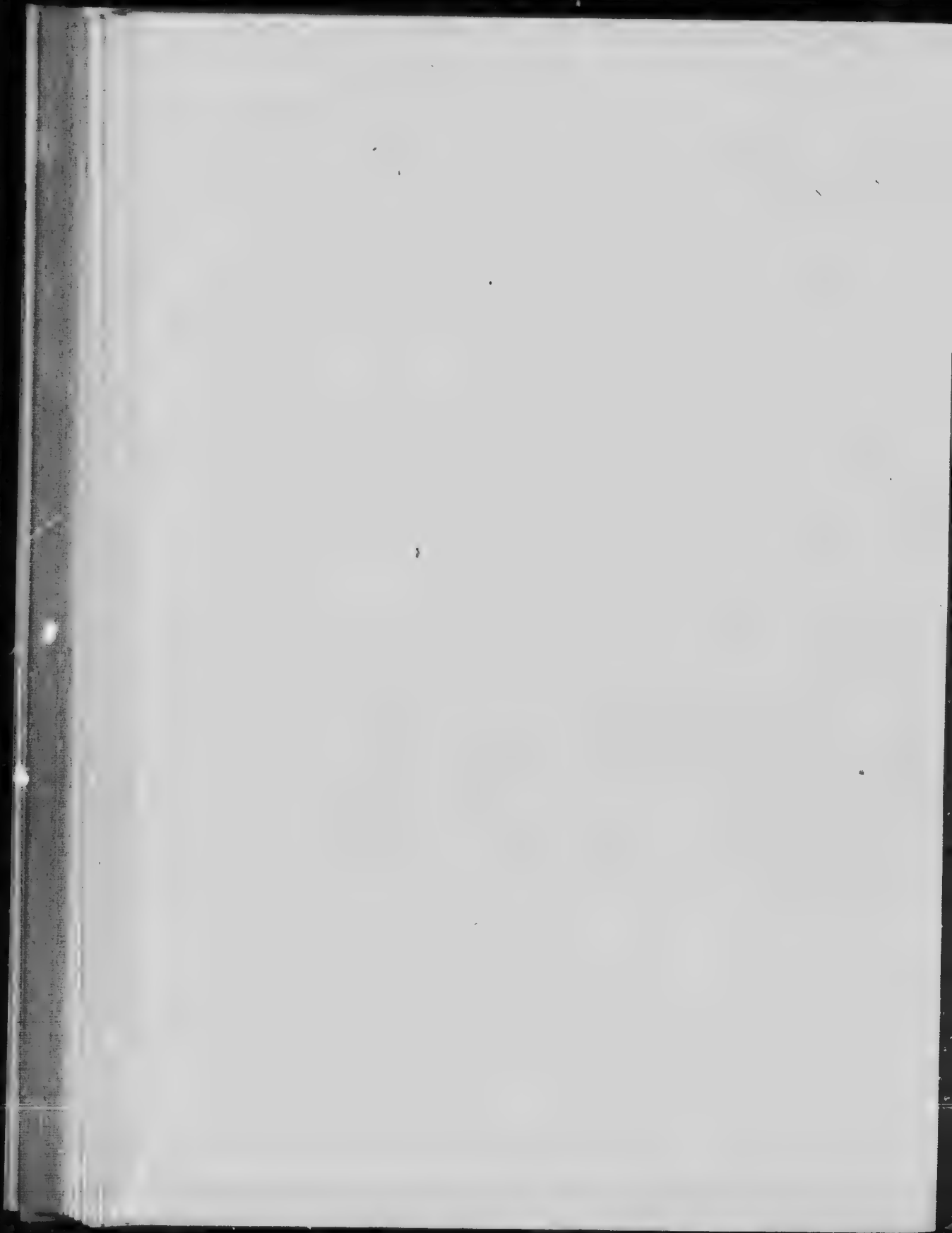
after a long sleep he rubbed his eyes more vigorously. Mr. Van Wyck has simply failed to see things. The truth is that the park areas of London have been doubled, Woods of almost primeval beauty have been opened to the public, and the activity of municipal life is largely directed to this very object of augmenting the pleasure of Londoners in their own city. We do not suspect him of suppression veri, though he holds the opinion that 'a municipal body is properly nothing but a business corporation.' But in order to see London well at the pace of an American tourist, one should be at least broad awake, not to say lively, and our respectful suggestion to Mr. Van Wyck is that he should take another nap."



THAMES EMBANKMENT



TOWER OF LONDON



"The Drinking Habit"

Now I must partially agree with both Judge Parker and ex-Mayor Van Wyck. London has not changed very much since my last visit, although only a short space of time has elapsed. The average Canadian visitor will certainly be surprised at the number of hotels, clubs, restaurants, bars, cigar stores, and theatres, in the central part of the city. On some streets for miles almost every building is a club, on others—hotels. On the Strand, Piccadilly, and nearby streets there is nothing but "pubs," cigar stores and restaurants. The former are crowded with men and women drinking together. In fact, in almost every hotel which you can see into while travelling on the top of a bus you will find the female sex well represented. Old and young, all drink alike. It is something fearful, and so strange to Canadians. One evening I took a Quebecker into a hotel on the Strand. We took a

drink at a bar with fourteen persons, nearly all women. The sight was a degrading one. Three of the women were drinking Scotch whiskey, and were very tipsy. It is a common sight to see two or three workmen engaged in some municipal street labor, stop their work, walk into a "pub" and indulge in a long drink of beer, which probably costs them a penny. The beer they drink at this price, is the poorest dregs of the breweries. They take it in place of water, with every encouragement likewise to the women to follow the degrading example. Even on Sundays the "pubs" are open. I don't object to this as long as the wealthy classes are allowed to have their drinks in their clubs, but the system is not a good one, and there is no apparent effort to change things in London. I suppose the habit will continue for some time.

Journalism in England

There has been very little change in journalism in England during the past quarter of a century, though there has been a number of unsuccessful attempts to modernize, or Americanize it. But the English readers seem to be inaccessible. They do not want a change. They are satisfied with the existing condition of things. The English papers are made up and edited differently from the Canadian or American journals. They are not so sensational, but I believe they are becoming more so every day. It is not necessary that they should be. They only have to publish the news, as it is, and that is always sensational enough. The courts and police tribunals of London city alone afford sufficient material to gratify the most morbid mind on the criminal side of life. The editorials of the English papers, however, are well written and have a great influence upon the English mind.

The Staid Old "Times"

Especially is this true of the "Times," which is said to have no regular editorial writer, but pay enormous sums of money to the leading men of England for special articles on the various topics of the day. While some seem to think that the London "Times" is losing its old time prestige, there is no doubt that it will require many centuries to wipe out the influence which it wields to-day. I was very much interested in visiting its plant and watching the conservative manner in which the mechanical department of this paper is conducted. There is so vast a difference between the hustle and bustle inside an office like the New York Herald, in comparison with the quiet easy-going methods of the "Times" office, that one is surprised to find it able to hold its own with the more modern daily newspapers of London. But this is easily accounted for by the fact that sub-

scribers to the "Times" as well as the "Times" itself will never change. As Tennyson says of the Brook: "The life of man comes to an end, but I go on for ever."

The Other Journals

And perhaps it is the same way with the other journals. Englishmen have endeavored to adopt American newspaper ideas; but like the Americans who have started American papers in London, their efforts have been far from being anything of a success. I do not know that the Englishman is to be criticized for not wanting a change. The English newspapers are well arranged, well edited and give the people the foreign and local news in a very creditable manner. Another conservative journalistic enterprise in England which has always been a failure in Canada and the United States where it has been followed is the two cent weekly publication,

such as "Tit-Bits," "Al' Slopers," "Pearson's Weekly" and other such publications which are read by everybody and have enormous circulations. Each of the above papers carry a life insurance policy for the reader and all kinds of guessing competitions and consequently they have very large sales at the railway depots, where five out of every six travellers may be seen with one, or all of them, in their pockets. The insurance scheme has worked well and has evidently been found to be a paying investment for these weekly enterprises, but above anything else, the English people have become accustomed to reading such publications and refuse to accept anything different.

An Exception to the Rule

I do not wish to be too critical on some of the reading matter served up to the English readers, but I took the following from one of the leading dailies. I am almost positive this story is known to every man, woman and child in America, yet it was published as a brand new joke while I was in London.

Pat's Condensed Reports

The manager of a small North British railway company complained to his superintendent, an Irishman named Finnegan, that the daily reports of trouble on the line were too long — too wordy. "Cut 'em short," said the busy manager. The superintendent's next report concerning an engine that had been derailed satisfied all hands. It was "Offagin, onagin, awayagin.—Finnegan.

The Barber Shop and the Alluring Barber

When will London revolutionize or improve her barber shops, and particularly her barbers? Although staying at the largest and most modern hotel, with lavish signs of a barber shop and manicure, "saloons" (note the change for shops), I found only three poor looking chairs and one barber. An old man with very little hair on his head was in the chair. I had waited over ten minutes to get a shave. After the barber had "tonsorialized," (as Mr. Williams would say), his victim, he pestered him for a shampoo. What there was to shampoo would have required a microscope to see. Nevertheless the old man who was half asleep in the chair probably wished to take the whole course of treatment, so nodded and the barber went ahead. Then I grew wrathful inwardly and left the "saloon" to seek a bar-



THE DOCTOR ON THE SS. CANADA

ber elsewhere. He was one of three in a small shop. When I got through, notwithstanding he had inveigled me into buying a fifty cent bottle of some mixture to make the hair grow, which I gave to my bald-headed valet, and the fact that a big price list stating that a shave was four pence stared me in the face, he asked double. I questioned the charge and was told that I had extras. These consisted of using a revolving brush instead of a hand one, and some brigantine on my moustache and bay rum on my hair, all of which are included in a good old Canadian shave. For amusement I played off indignant at the excessive extras, and was quietly told that it did not make much difference to me, an American, as I had so much money, and I suppose in the mind of my tonsorial artist, no brains to keep it.

The Sidewalk Artists

Of course there are many schemes for appealing to the large hearted English people than that of personal solicitation. The most novel I witnessed was near Euston Station, where there is a broad stone pavement. The stones or slabs, are probably from two to three feet square, and worn very smooth. Here I found a man drawing excellent colored crayon pictures on them and doing the work so deftly that I could not help stopping to watch him for a few minutes. Then I saw an explanatory inscription on one of the pictures, which represented a shipwreck, the death of the captain and crew and with the usual artist's latitude, the former's last thought before he perished which was of home and a happy family by the fireside. The inscription ran as follows: "Help poor Dick, who cannot make a livelihood in any other way." There was no reason given why he couldn't;

and thinking that a man who was clever enough to do this kind of work in an unnatural position, to find it more lucrative than any other way, I left him feeling that he was well provided for and did not require the sympathies of all who passed by, including myself among the unsympathetic. A little further up the street I was much amused to see another "sidewalk" artist, and before I reached the station, where I was going to see a friend off, I passed two more, so I have now come to the conclusion there must be some kind of a school in that vicinity for turning out this class of free art students.

The Old Woman

I saunterd out of the hotel one evening to go to a theatre. I held an unlighted cigar. The first person caught my eye was an old and infirm woman, poorly clad, with a package of matches in her arm, under a shawl. "Matches, sir,," she said. "Yes" my good woman," I replied, "just what I want," and placed two pennies in her hand, and started off after lighting my cigar. I heard her muttering something and tottering after me. Thinking perhaps I had not given her sufficient, I went back to meet her at the same time taking some more money from my pocket. In a weak and very cracked voice she said: "You did not get your full whack, sir," and handed me three more boxes. Of course such honesty received its just reward.

Selling Matches

This is one of the greatest covers for begging (which is prohibited), but I found it very useful at times, as matches are a necessary commodity in England, as everybody seems to smoke. All kinds of poor people sell them, but particularly the old and decrepit men and women. One night I saw a young woman with an infant in one arm and several boxes of matches in the other, but one gets hardened to these sad street scenes, in any large town, although the charitable nature of the English public is no less pronounced than elsewhere.

" Please "

England is most polite in her public placards. Everywhere you will notice the word "please" prefacing any notice, whether it is a public or a private one. In the Hotel Russell, in my room, there was an interesting notice as follows: "Guests will

please switch off the electric light when leaving their room." In Canada we would omit the "please" and probably use "turn off" for "switch."

English Women Wear Ugly Footwear

It is a strange thing that the women of England pay so little attention to their footwear. Their boots are large, heavy and ugly. There seems to be no style about them, and I think it is a great pity when Canada is so desirous of outfitting them with pretty shoes at moderate prices. Shoe polish also seems to be a scarce commodity. In one of the parks one Sunday after church, we (two other Canadians and myself) were more than surprised to see the large number of unpolished shoes worn by the fair sex.

Their Teeth are Said to be Bad

On my return to Canada, a dentist friend of mine, asked me if I noticed the bad state of the teeth of the English women. I must acknowledge I did not, but, if this is true, I prefer to leave you to investigate this subject on your own account. After his assertion that they were, I shall take interest in observing this point of beauty of the English girls in the future. In the meantime, I am not going to believe it.

Penny Chairs in the Parks

In any of the large parks you will see hundreds of chairs. They are rented for a penny each with the privilege of occupying them as long as you want to. An agent for the Company, who has the franchise, periodically puts in an appearance to collect the pennies and hand out receipt checks.

Portrait Medallions

The portrait medallions are among the new fads in vogue in London. You see them worn by a large number of society women. It is an old-time custom revived. They were first introduced in the initial letters of illuminating work many years ago, but to-day you will see them hanging as pendants to neck chains in the place of lockets. The medallions are said to be very fashionable and of course the more renowned the artist who paint them, the more expensive they are. Some medallions are worth as high as one thousand dollars.



THE OLD WOMAN WHO SELLS WAX MATCHES

Five o' Clock Tea

In Canada five o'clock teas are only carried on as social functions where there is an assembly of friends or visitors in the house. It is not a regular custom of the people. A man at work might ask a friend out to have a drink, but seldom a cup of tea. Perhaps it would be a better thing if tea were substituted for the insidious cocktail, or Scotch and soda, which is the usual beverage between five and seven, if one is so inclined. But in London, in fact everywhere in England, and I might say on the continent as well, tea is the proper thing about 4.30 or 5.30 in the afternoon. In the big city, the barmaids get out the cups and saucers, and rolls and toast in so matter of fact a way that it is taken for granted that everyone coming into the place about that time wants his "tea and toast." You soon absorb the habit and after about two week's sojourn in England you find

your appetite appealing to you, to fall in line with the people, and drink tea in the afternoon. Since the establishment of the Little Shop on St. Louis street, in Quebec, Englishmen and other friends as well as the public in general have been afforded an opportunity of enjoying that delightful English pastime.

The Canadian "Kilties" in London

As evidence of the growing interest which is taken in everything Canadian in London, one has only to note the manner in which the Kilties' band of Belleville was advertised on the bill-boards and its triumphant engagement at the Royal Albert Hall. They were greeted everywhere with such enthusiasm that the newspapers boomed them as the "Conquering Kilties," a name which is likely to stick to them in the future. At Beaver Bournemouth, the most fashionable of England's health resorts, the

concerts were given in the picturesque Winter Gardens now managed by Dan Godfrey, son of old Godfrey, the late English bandmaster. Mr. Godfrey paid the Kilties a high compliment, and in arranging for a return engagement, said that the band had proved to be one of the strongest drawing cards the Winter Gardens had ever had. In fact, every place they played, no concert had ever drawn such enormous audiences. I am sure that Canadians will be pleased with the Kilties' reception.

New Advertising Schemes

I did not see very many new advertising schemes in London or New York for that matter. In the former city the sandwich men seem to be monopolized by the theatres and have their boards or transparencies illuminated so that they can be read at night as well as in daytime. By registering your name and address at the

Canadian High Commissioner's office, you receive a number of trade circulars and letters soliciting your patronage while in that city. This is a great nuisance if you are staying in London a short time, as you are inundated with all kinds of trade circulars, which are forwarded to your Canadian address after you leave, at a tax of four to eight cents each, which goes to the P. O. department, for carrying these advertisements from your hotel over to this side. I paid for fourteen, several of which I returned at the sender's expense. Furthermore, several of them were of a suggestive nature and would probably not have been allowed through the mails, but for the cover under which they were sent.

Comparison of London and Quebec Prices

When on a visit to London six years ago, I wanted a suit of clothes in a hurry and had them made at what I thought was a very fair and reasonable price, about \$18, in our money. Of course, I was under the impression that clothing was very much cheaper there than in the United States or Canada. Now I have to warn Canadians that this is entirely erroneous, in more ways than one. You see suits of clothes in many of the shop windows offered for \$15. If you happen to be a foreigner and fancy one of them you are politely informed that they are not good enough for you, by the clerk on the inside, and influenced to look at something else more expensive. This may be good business, but it is damaging the trade, and the tailors of London will suffer in consequence in the long run. The cheap suit in the window is evidently a ruse, or at

least it was on the Strand where I saw it, and where my friend had the above experience. This was not all. He wanted an opera and winter overcoat, so we took a card of introduction to a friend's tailor, by appearances a modest looking establishment and occupying a flat in one of the back streets. He asked us \$40 for an opera and \$50 for a heavy serge overcoat. When we remonstrated with him for his excessive charges, he remarked that in New York we would pay \$50 to \$75 for the same thing. Now this is the explanation. The Americans found in England are nearly all a wealthy class, and are in the habit of paying from \$50 to \$100 for a suit of clothes. The English tailor, therefore, thinks that anything from \$40 to \$60 is considered cheap. It might be for the wealthy Americans, but it is not for the average Canadian, particularly a Quebecer, whose limit for a suit of clothes runs from \$15 to \$30.

A New York fellow passenger on board the Baltic claimed to have three full dress suits with him, which he had made in London for \$60 each, and which he said would cost him from \$80 to \$100 in New York. Now I would like to know if there is any Quebec tailor who has the chance of making \$80 to \$100 dress suits? If so, his orders in this line are very few and far between. And so it is with many other articles by way of comparison in London. It is a delusion to think they are cheaper than in Canada. The inland tax on patent medicines and playing cards is exorbitant and a heavy charge upon the working classes who are the largest patrons of the former. Many remedies which will sell in this country for 10 and 15 cents are sold for a shilling in England. In fact it is the lowest price that any patent medicine can be purchased for under the existing taxes of the country. Now as to playing cards.

A tax of six cents is levied on each pack. It will readily be seen what a heavy charge this is upon the poorer classes who buy cards worth about 15 cents. Then take fruit. It is just double what it is in Canada. I fail to see any good reason for this. As for oysters which one would think would certainly be within reasonable limits, you find to the contrary, as per my experience one evening in Scott's restaurant. My friend and self had two dozen oysters with a small slice of brown bread and butter. This cost \$2.00, seven shillings being charged for the oysters, and one shilling for the bread and butter. The same thing in Canada, with much larger and better flavored oysters, the Malpecques, would cost at the utmost 60 cents. As for drinks, such as Scotch whiskies, etc., sold in the bars, I will wager they are 50 per cent less in Canada, and that for identically the same whiskies, such as De-



ANOTHER VIEW OF SHUFFLE BOARD



war's, Usher's, White Horse, Mackay, etc. Here in Canada you are handed the bottle and help yourself, and from what I can judge the ordinary Canadian generally takes double the portion allowed you in England, which I understand is half a gill. There is no doubt about this statement, as it is quite easy for anyone to corroborate it at any time. Now these are only a few instances of observations I made on comparing prices of living in the two countries. No doubt, one could go much further in such a comparison. I am told that silks and gloves are cheaper in London than in America. Possibly so, and probably there are a great many other things that may be cheaper, but as far as my ordinary requirements were concerned, including travelling expenses, I had no experience in finding anything cheaper. While I did not look for the above comparisons, I did not look for the cheaper things, though at the same

time, I did not look for higher prices which I invariably came in contact with.

A Big Store

Among the very many large general stores in London, is one known as the "Army and Navy Store." Its reputation is world-wide, while its profits must be enormous. In company with four Canadians I visited this establishment. The business is carried on under a co-operative system. Every buyer must be a shareholder, and to become a shareholder you go to a desk, register and receive a share or some part of a share, which entitles you to the privilege of purchasing. The store is certainly a big one, but so dark and gruesome looking, that it held no seductive charms for the Canadian, who is so accustomed to his bright, well aired and smart looking establishments of the same order on this side of the Atlantic. The ceilings of this immense

cluster of buildings connected with one another by openings in the dividing walls, are certainly lofty enough to admit air, but there is little light, and what there is, is very poor. We went to the tailoring department to look over the clothing, but my friends were not satisfied with the styles, patterns or prices, so our interest in the concern was without profit to anyone.

I don't know how true it is, but I was told that the object of having everyone become a shareholder was two-fold. Firstly, it was a matter of form enforced by the charter of the company; secondly, it provided a better opportunity to declare a dividend which would not show such a big profit to the public. The uncalled for dividends such as will come to us for our portion of a share will never be claimed and will go to the profit and loss account, which is probably divided among those who are more closely connected with the present

administration which has come down from original shareholders. However, I would advise all visitors to London to see this store and form their own conclusions, as I am sure they will vary considerably.

A Crusade of "Non-Tipping"

Messrs. Lyons, the well known caterers, have inaugurated a new restaurant where the waiters are supposed to receive living wages and the guests proper and efficient service. The attendance so far has been a success, but whether the whole enterprise will be such remains to be seen. In the meantime the experiment is being watched with keen interest by both guest and waiter.

The majority of the waiters who pick up a more or less precarious livelihood by means of much bowings and humility, would hail with joy the advent of a settled living wage and the abolition of the tipping system. There is, however, still a large

number who would lose many pounds a week if they were put on salary.

There are indeed a few waiters at some of the best hotels who pay one pound a day for the privilege of "waiting" and who clear as much as ten pounds a week for themselves.

Such cases as these, however, are rare. Inquires made by a press representative showed that in London the waiters received anything from 5s. to 15s. a day for tips.

"Often enough," said one man, "it is seldom more than that. I receive no salary, and out of what I make I have to buy tooth-picks, three daily newspapers, and pay the washing bill for serviettes. In addition, there is a weekly fine for breakages, which has to be paid whether anything has been broken or not."

Mr. Sell, the secretary of the city and National Waiters' Labor Bureau, stated that he welcomed Messrs. Lyons' action,

and considered the abolition of tipping would not only help waiters generally, but would tend to make them steadier and more thrifty.

"But," he added, "I confess I have no great hopes that it will ever become general. Small tradesmen, who employ about six men at from 5s. to 10s. per week, could not afford to pay wages of 30s. or 35s. without making an addition to their prices."

Marvellous Ignorance About Canada

While the Liberal Government have made strenuous efforts to make Canada better known in England, gross cases of ignorance sometimes come to light. On the Baltic coming out, an Englishman asked me in the most commonplace manner where Quebec was. Not having a map handy, I did my best to fix its location, by mentioning a number of Canadian cities and the distance between them and Quebec, also the

fact that it was situated on the St. Lawrence river. Well, would you believe me, he had the temerity to add that he thought it was somewhere North, but did not think it was so far. It was difficult to repress a smile at the apathy and disinterestedness he evinced in one of the colonies of his mother country, but I did so and further increased his knowledge by adding that we sometimes had two weeks of very charming summer weather, to which he said, "Ah! I'm sure you must appreciate it when it comes."

But here is another case which was recently related to a Toronto newspaper man by Mr. Arthur C. Scott, a member of the Manchester Board of Commerce. This gentleman said:

"In spite of the efforts of your press, the efficient Canadian officials in England, such as Mr. Alfred Jury, who is stationed in Manchester, and the spread of education, it is astonishing how little is known in the

Old Country about Canada. You would hardly believe me when I assure you that when the news of the great fire in Toronto was received in Manchester several prominent members of our Board solicited subscriptions for the sufferers on the ground that the shops of Toronto were burned and the inhabitants had sought refuge in the neighbouring woods exposed to dangers from the attacks of wild animals."

The English Press Enlightening the English

Supporting the foregoing view of ignorance of Canada, under date of November 3, the St. James Gazette said:—

"What is wrong with this country is its indifference to the interests of the opinion of Britons overseas. To-day the Canadian elections are going forward, but it is a regrettable fact that the average citizen in England is less interested in the result than

he will be in the result of the Presidential elections in the United States."

A Hit at Mr. Morley

Again we take from the Pall Mall Gazette of the same date, referring to Mr. Morley's suggestion that Canada keep free of militarism and Mr. Foster's reply, the following:—

"The Radical leaders should really, for prudence sake make up their minds not to mention the colonies again until they get into better touch with colonial feeling."

Restaurants and the New Simpson's

There is any number of restaurants in London like all large cities and you can satisfy the most extravagant, or economical desires, as best suits your pocket-book or disposition. It is not difficult to obtain a list of the leading restaurants and visit a different one each evening. The dinners average from one to two dollars *à la carte*. But I would recommend visitors to London to visit the New Simpson's on the Strand. It is known as the Old English Tavern and Eating House. It has been patronized by all the greatest celebrities of England during the past fifty years, and I am not surprised at this. It is typically English all through. Your dinner costs 3s. 6d, or about 85 cents and consists of as much of any of the meat joints as you wish with vegetables, salad and cheese. I cannot begin to tell you of the tenderness and flavour of each article of food served to you, or you

will think I am somewhat of a gourmand, when I have no desire to be known as such. As I have said before, almost any place you dine in, you will be waited upon by foreigners; but here in Simpson's it is the beau ideal of an Englishman who receives you at the door, waits upon you at the table and rolls the meat joint on a small carriage to your side and cuts off a portion of whatever joint you have ordered. There is a man carver for each joint or fish, which rests upon a small carriage with a heating apparatus under the dish, upon which lies the selection from which you are served. The contrast from all other restaurants is so great that you naturally think you are being waited upon by the most aristocratic men in England, and from all I have read and heard, I have no doubt these self same waiters, who have been at Simpson's from their novitiate, feel as dignified as they look. A well-known English writer in re-

lating his youthful experience at Old Simpson's, said:—

"Nothing struck me so much on my first introduction to Simpson's as the dignity of the British waiter. Other incidents with regard to that first visit to the shrine of roast lamb have passed from my memory, but I can recall that we were received by a white-haired personage, who, with the air of a court official and with a wave of the hand that was dignity itself, directed us to another gentleman, rather fatter and darker, who permitted us to sit at the table which he superintended, and placed the bill of fare before us as though it were a treaty to be signed. I expressed my astonishment at the magnificence of the manner of the waiters as soon as the plump gentleman had unhurryingly withdrawn, and my father informed me that they were all members of the House of Lords earning an honest living out of business hours. This

I did not believe, but somehow Lord Palmerston and the white-haired personage became confused in my remembrance of the place, though I am quite sure that Pam was never so magnificently mannered as that head waiter at Simpson's. I am told that this grandee among serving men was "Dad Ells," who has gone to that portion of the Elysian Fields reserved for good head waiters, and who gave over his high office to William, of whom I shall write anon. One other incident I recall, and that was that my father gave two pence to the white coated carver, and I wondered how he dared to offer coppers to so majestic a being. The man in the white coat, however, pocketed the affront without the least sign of resentment."

Evidently things have changed very little within the past fifty years, as far as the waiters are concerned, as everything seemed to be in exactly the same way, and until I read

the above, I never really knew why most of the customers would pass the man carver a couple of pennies after being served with meat. I did not think it could be a tip for any choice piece of meat, as it was too insignificant, but evidently the old time custom has been preserved and no one who knows anything about Simpson's would dare break the past history, by increasing the carver's tip, or forgetting it. Old Simpson's was razed to the ground a few years ago and upon its site stands a beautiful stone structure, but the restaurant business is continued exactly upon the same lines as in the olden times, and I hope it will never change, as it is certainly one of the best places in London to get a good substantial English lunch, or dinner.

It is said that a party of Americans were dining there one day, and were served to some excellent wines, for which Old Simpson's is also justly famous. They found

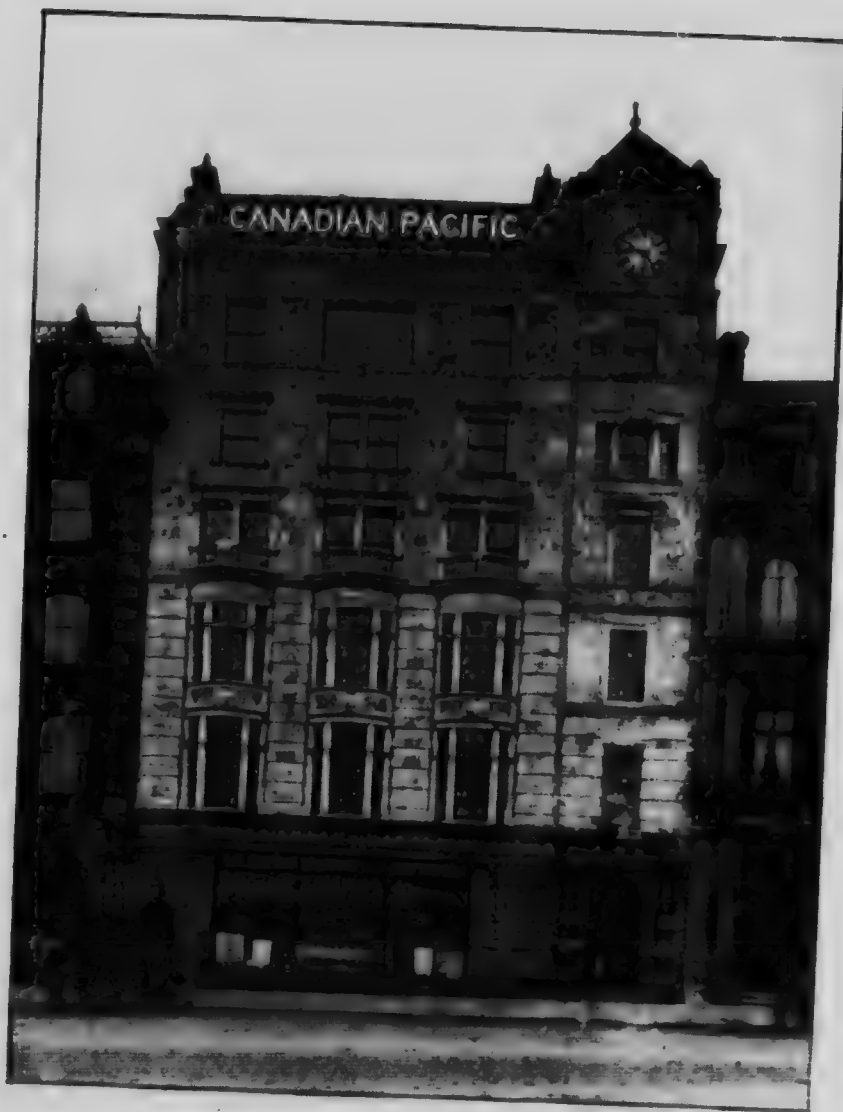
them so excellent that they asked the proprietor how much he had in stock and were informed of the quantity which was in the vicinity of twenty-one barrels. They agreed to take the whole stock and ordered it to be sent to America. The old restaurateur smiled at their liberal offer, but declined, on the grounds that he had preserved the wines for his customers, and while they could have all they wanted to drink at their meals, he had none for sale or export.

There is another old-fashioned place in London worth going to see, known as the "Cheshire Cheese," on Fleet Street. It does not compare with Simpson's, but a meal is served there which has made it famous among Englishmen. The service is not perfection, but the table is very good and the style of the old place of great interest to strangers. This eating house is widely known for its meat pies, served three or four times a week. It is said Englishmen

will go miles to partake of this dish. Canadians going to London should not fail to visit both of these restaurants.

***Canadian Pacific Railway's New
English Building***

The new building of the Canadian Pacific Railway, on Trafalgar Square, one of the most central locations in London, is as handsome a building as there is in that vast city to-day. It is built entirely after the style of architecture adopted in the construction of Canadian Pacific buildings, in Canada, and that means a substantial and handsome structure with the most modern improvements and the most elaborate finishings, that it is possible to put into a commercial building, without overdoing it. The building is a splendid advertisement, not only for the Canadian Pacific, but for Canada as well. The large spacious ticket office on the ground floor, with a staff of



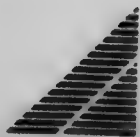
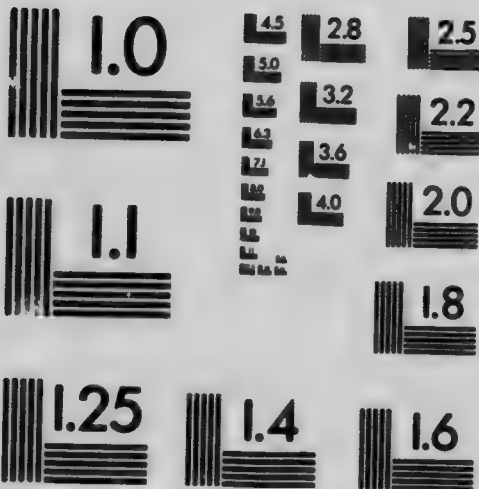
CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY OFFICES, LONDON

busy clerks behind the long counter, is constantly thronged with those interested in travel and the public inspecting the new building. The elevator takes you to the upper stories which are handsomely fitted up for the different English officials and in one of the suites I found Mr. Harry Annable, the General Freight Agent. I mention his name because Mr. Annable is well and favorably known in Canada, particularly in the commercial districts where his duties as Travelling Freight Agent, when in this country, brought him in contact with a large number of our business men. Mr. Annable has risen to a very important office in London, which he is filling with much success.



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Canadian Emigration Offices

Before I was aware of the whereabouts of Canada's Emigration offices, I was attracted to a crowd of people looking into two large show windows on Whitehall street. I stopped among the crowd, who, to my surprise, were gazing upon familiar scenes in Canada. There was no deception; photographs never lie. They were large pictures of immense western wheat fields, with a series of photos of the principal cities of the East, and all kinds of agricultural samples. I entered the offices and witnessed a busy scene. I listened to the conversations and they were all about Canada. A mother with her grown up son was making inquiries about the possibilities for the boy in Canada. The clerk was asking questions to find out what he was best adapted for before recommending any particular destination. Two young girls were asking the wages

paid to female help. A number of men were anxiously scanning pamphlets and booklets which are given out indiscriminately to those who ask for them. I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Preston, the Immigration Agent, for a few minutes, but he was so busy writing an important article for the papers, that I regret I did not have sufficient time to call again, or, otherwise I might have obtained more information on the subject of immigration to Canada. All I can say is that Canada's show windows on Whitehall street are the most attractive in the vicinity of Trafalgar Square.

Lord Strathcona

Canadians may justly feel proud of their able and popular High Commissioner Lord Strathcona. I did not have the pleasure of meeting the distinguished gentleman as he was spending a few holidays at his charming Scottish estate known as Glencoe, entertaining a large number of prominent guests. But, I certainly did hear sufficient about His Lordship to know that Canada is fortunate in having such a representative. Not only is he attentive to Canada's daily interests in the mother country, but he is untiring in his efforts and zeal to forward and support everything Canadian that comes his way. His hospitality at Glencoe is unlimited, and while his house is constantly filled with guests, His Lordship participates but little in the sports and pleasures afforded his friends. He devotes almost his entire day to his correspondence. It is said of Lord

Strathcona that he personally answers most of his letters, which even at his summer home, are very numerous. It is not uncommon for him to write forty to sixty letters per day.

Lady Strathcona

is a charming hostess and assists Lord Strathcona very considerably in making their guests feel at home. Lord Strathcona's estate includes many miles of excellent hunting and fishing territory where game is very plentiful. His visitors may spend weeks and months with rod and gun and yet only see a very small portion of it. It is very gratifying to a Canadian to hear Englishmen speak so highly of their representative.

A Visit To Messrs. Goodall & Sons

One afternoon I had the pleasureable opportunity of visiting Messrs. Goodall & Sons' very extensive manufacturing works, where a thousand hands are employed. I was extremely delighted with the modern machinery and means employed in this establishment, for the manufacture of playing cards and fancy stationery. I was further gratified at seeing a number of Canadian orders being filled, and among them several from Quebec. In conversation with Mr. Goodall he seemed very much interested in Canada. It would seem that up to a few years ago this firm paid little attention to our trade. To-day it is the most important of all the countries they are catering for, and I am happy to say the trade with it is steadily growing. Every year during the past three years it has doubled, which speaks well for the preferential tariff the Liberal Government are responsible for and

which has permitted Messrs. Goodall & Sons to increase their business with us. At the same time it is a good thing for Canadians as they can make more liberal purchases from the motherland. There are many manufacturers in England to-day who are thinking the same way, but with less enterprise than the above firm, which accounts for the large quantity of American goods still coming into this country from the United States. It is not because the Americans can sell us cheaper goods, as it is the fact that they are more enterprising in securing the orders. They will lose money for several years running, sending travellers here to get business, before they will give up the attempt to introduce their line of goods. Many English firms have tried the plan with one visit to this country, and if accomplished at a loss it ended there, and Canada was doomed for all future trade negotiations. One thing I learned by visit-

ing Messrs. Goodall & Sons' factory, was the fact that almost all the help are paid by piece work, and not, as we are generally led to believe by weekly wages.

Novel Baby Attachment

Here is a good scheme for husbands who object to follow the perambulator through the streets. I saw it work in London and arouse considerable curiosity among both sexes. It is a good substitute for the baby carriage, and may be considered a desirable relief to mothers. It is a broad board of about three feet long made to rest upon the shoulder, with the aid of a couple of supports. The baby is strapped on to it by the waist, which allows the infant free use of both arms and legs. Everybody, especially those on top of the busses make "goo-goo" eyes at the baby and manage to keep it amused, while the parents walk along apparently unconcerned about baby's

good times overhead. Whether the scheme will be adopted as a successful invention is hard to say. In the meantime there is no patent on it and those who have babies, and object to push a perambulator on the streets had better give it a trial.

The Atlantic Union

A week after I had been in London, the following letter was addressed to me and was forwarded to me in Canada:

426 Strand, W. C.

26, 9, 1904.

Dear Sir,—Your name has been given me by the High Commissioner for Canada, and I have now much pleasure in enclosing some particulars of the Atlantic Union.

We shall be very pleased to enter your name on our list of temporary members (see page 2) and to see you and the members of your party at the meetings mentioned in the accompanying notice.

If you can call here I shall be glad to give you further information.

Yours very truly,

THOS. D. HAWKIN,
Hon.-Sec.

Objects of the Union

Upon looking over the circular enclosed in the above letter I discovered the objects of the Atlantic Union so very essential that I think them worthy of reproduction, so that they may be of benefit to those visiting London:—

They are as follows:—

(1) To draw together the various English speaking peoples.

(2) To strengthen the bond of union by the formation of the ties of personal friendship among individual members.

“It has long been a matter of concern with those who desire not only to maintain

friendly relations with Colonials and Americans, that so many visitors from the United States and the Colonies come over every year stay for a time in London, travel about the country, and go away without having made the acquaintance of a single English home. They stay at hotels; they go to places of public amusement: they drive through streets and squares where every door is closed to them; they go away, without any knowledge of English life except what can be gained from the outside. The "Atlantic Union" is an attempt to meet and to overcome this reproach."

"It is the object of the Union to attract, if possible, those who occupy, either in the United States or the colonies, positions of trust and responsibility, those to whom their own people look for leading and for guidance. The Union desires to make the English members acquainted with those who help to form public opinion in the co-

lonies and the States. In order that this object may be carried out, it is essential that the English members shall themselves belong to the class of those who made and lead public opinion in this country. Membership in the Union is therefore offered to such persons as can satisfy more or less this condition. It included statesmen, clergymen, men of science, art and literature, together with leaders in the world of finance and commerce."

Methods

Home members who have the opportunity of offering hospitality and showing personal attention to visiting members are invited to do so.

The Union draws up every year a programme of social functions, including dinners, receptions and "at homes," evening parties, lectures, concerts, personal conduct of parties to places of interest and

(with the co-operation of the various scientific literary and archæological societies in the country), evenings or days of interest to specialists. The Committee arranges for the introduction of visitors to members. The latter will understand that it is desirable, above all, that their friends should not carry away with them ideas of English life and the old country solely from the hotels, while, from their own part, they will learn the points of view, often widely different from their own of the visitors from across the Seven Seas."

Now this is exactly what I have been told over a hundred times by Englishmen, "that the ordinary visitor to London never sees real English life and goes away with very erroneous conceptions of what it is." Well, with the Atlantic Union in existence this impression is now practically or partially, removed. But the invitation only arrived after I left London and I had no

opportunity of attending any of their many social events, one of which was held in the Chesshire Cheese, (an eating house I have already alluded to) during my short stay in London, so I cannot give any description of the event or the nature of the Union to a visitor like myself.

Visit to Sir Gilbert Parker

One evening I had the pleasure of visiting Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P., in his comfortable mansion on Carlton House Terrace. I found Sir Gilbert very much engaged making preparations for a hurried departure for South America, on what I understood to be a very important mission for the government. Sir Gilbert was engaged with two callers when I arrived, so I had an opportunity of entertaining myself for a few minutes in his library where he spends most of his time, dictating to his several secretaries, and performing other such functions, which to a busy man like

Sir Gilbert, are sometimes overwhelmingly large.

On the walls of the room hung the portraits of a large number of friends of the Canadian author, including Hon. John Sharples, Mr. G. M. Fairchild, of Quebec, and many others from Canada, together with a large collection of English celebrities. One picture alone was quite interesting. It was a snap shot of Sir Gilbert talking to King Edward at a garden levee.

There is a rumor in London that Sir Gilbert is slated by the Canadian Government for the next Canadian Commissioner, but this is premature. It would be impossible for Sir Gilbert to accept, if it were offered him, owing to his present programme for the future, which is likely to be carried out in the English House of Commons. No one will be surprised to hear of Sir Gilbert Parker entering the Ministry, as his opinions to-day are being very highly consider-

ed in connection with the progressive ideas of a coming group of parliamentarians that will shortly rise to the surface with a big following from both sides of the House. Time will tell whether this prognostication will be realized.

"How is Canada and dear old Quebec?" said Sir Gilbert on entering the room, with a hearty grasp of the hand and a warm tone in his inquiry after his native land. Then followed an inquiry after many Quebec friends, after which I asked Sir Gilbert if he had forsaken Canada, or would he honor us again with a visit, and probably another book?

"I can never forsake Canada," said he, "and, furthermore, I expect to pay it a visit next August: you may tell the people so. As to the writing of another Canadian book, I have no set rule on that question. Sir Gilbert referred, no doubt, to the fact that he did not desire to commit himself in re-



Photo Col. E. C. Wurtele

TUG-OF-WAR

gard to his future literary work, or, be identified with an impression that he wrote entirely on one subject, which so far, some people might infer, was wholly Canadian and on Canadian subjects.

Heating Apparatuses

Not being in England during the winter season, I have had no opportunity of verifying all I have heard of the unsatisfactory manner in which the buildings are heated. But from observation, it is easy to imagine how unsatisfactory these systems of heating must be to the American or the Canadian. A grate is to be seen in almost every room, and it is not there for appearance sake. Thus we must come to the conclusion, that when the season is cold it is the only means of obtaining warmth. Now there is nothing more congenial to behold than a glowing grate fire, but when it is the sole medium of keeping

warm, I can readily understand how one must keep busy turning oneself in front of the fire in order to heat all sides of the body up to the same temperature. Why Englishmen do not adopt our system of house heating is certainly incomprehensible.

Imperialism

If the Hon. Joseph Chamberlain does nothing else for England he can be credited with opening the eyes of the English people to their present condition and creating a new line of thought among them. To-day there is hardly an Englishman of any intelligence who is not talking Imperialism. The question is being more discussed and deliberated upon each day. As Chamberlain started his policy by himself it is only natural to expect that his cause is gaining ground each day. It is having a very salutary effect upon the minds of the Eng-

lish people and will do Canada a great deal of good. It is advertising Canada in every district and borough of the British Empire. Each speech that is made brings out the name of Canada and what would be the results of assisting Canada with a reciprocal preferential tariff. As far as I can see the great question between the two parties at the present time is whether or not the Colonials desire Imperialism. In reading over several of the speeches on both sides, including one made by Lord Rosebery, it would seem that both parties are under the impression that Canada does not want Imperialism. I agree with Sir Wilfrid Laurier that if England adopts a policy of Imperialism it is only right to expect that she will make some proposal to and for the consideration of the Colonies. However, the question is to be fought on British soil before Canadians will have an opportunity of approving or condemning it. In the

meantime, it is an interesting question and I believe it will be a vital one for Canadians, as well as Englishmen. No doubt within the near future, Canadians will be called upon to decide between Imperialism, independence or reciprocity with the United States. Each day Canada becomes better known in England, but it will take many years before the customs and manners of our people are catered to by the manufacturers of that country. One of the best suggestions I have yet come across and one which I have for some time advocated is that put forth by Mr. J. F. Crowdie, of Toronto. I think I cannot do better than quote Mr. Crowdie, from the London 'Times' on the subject of Imperial education.

Imperial Education

A plan which may be of great practical value to the Empire and is of particular interest to the rising generation of Englishmen is formulated in the Easter number of the "College Times," a magazine published by the authorities of Upper Canada College, Toronto. The writer, Mr. J. F. Crowdy, who is a classical master of the college and editor of the magazine, is also an old Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge man. Upper Canada College, it may be mentioned, is the principal college in the Dominion, and has recently celebrated the 75th anniversary of its foundation. Dr. Parkin, until recently appointed secretary to the executors of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, was its headmaster, Mr. Crowdy writes as follows:—

"During the past years very many Englishmen have been arriving in this country; and the problem has confronted many

of them of finding, not work to do—of that there is an endless supply in the country—but work that they are fitted to do. For the farm laborer, the artisan, the mechanic, there is plenty of work and good pay; but for the man who is not so fitted by his attainments and training for work of this nature, the question presents rather a different aspect. Business, trade, commerce, all the occupations whereby fortunes or competencies are made, are not to be learned in a day, and the Canadian business man (and who shall blame him for it?) is not going to engage a man of 30, or even four or five and twenty, with no business training, when he can get boys of 17 or 18 who will go in at the very beginning and learn the very alphabet of his methods. Such boys are more easily moulded to their employers' manners of doing business, and while having much to learn, have little to unlearn. The Englishman, on the other

hand, while willing to turn his hand to anything, finds it hard naturally, at five-and-twenty-five to be contented in a situation where his equals are six or seven years younger, and in the race he rarely can make up the ground he has lost at the start. Now, there is a solution to this difficulty. Canada is, beyond doubt, one of the great countries of the future. There is a vast field of possibilities in her undeveloped wealth of resources. Is it not worth the while of English parents to educate their sons, or some of them, so as to enable them to reap the full benefit of these possibilities? Canada does not want the detrimental, the man, who unable to do good at home, is 'dumped' on a spot as far from home as may be. In Canada there is an excellent system of education, and there are schools which occupy the same relative position as do our great English public schools. A boy could be educated in England till he was 14 at one

of the preparatory schools (where he can get the best of grounding), then come out to Canada and enter some good school here, and spend three or four years in it. With a good grounding he would go far in scholarship, and he would lay the foundation of the friendships that would be useful in his business career. He would get to know and understand his fellows, for he would have grown up with them, and in the new country he would be starting in the race on equal terms. Even if a boy did not wish to make his career out here, such an education would not be without value. It would do much to develop the Imperial idea. At 18 a boy could go home and take his University course and readily pick up again the threads of his life. The summer holidays in Canada are long and the cost of going to England very small, and even while still at school in Canada, a boy would find it quite easy to keep in touch with his

friends at home. It would give to Englishmen at home a knowledge of Canada, an insight into Canadian thoughts and feelings which at present they do not possess; and who can say that much benefit to both countries might not result?"

Almost all the leading papers of England as well as those of Canada commented favorably upon Mr. Crowe's splendid article, which undoubtedly was suggested by the widespread interest and discussions on Imperialism.

How Some English Firms do Business in Canada

A short time after my return to Canada while discussing the above subject with a well known western piano salesman, he related to me an example of an Englishman endeavoring to obtain business in Canada. He arrived in Quebec with three upright pianos and obtained a sample room. He then called on the trade. His object was to obtain an agency in each city in Canada. I learned from one piano man of the city that his pianos were of seven octave range only, which is a thing that is not made or sold on the American continent. The American and Canadian trade standard is always 7 1-3 octaves. When the English salesman was apprised of this fact, he merely said: "Oh well, if the people of Canada want eight octaves, we will make them for them." Instead of his pianos having oblique scales, they were construct-

ed of simple verticle scales and the cases were French polished, a not at all suitable finish for this climate. I was further told that one of our local dealers was informed that if he thought seriously of taking the agency of this English firm, the representative in question would be glad to send in his application for the approval of the directors who would take it into serious consideration. Now just imagine an English firm endeavoring to open up an agency in Canada under such circumstances. In the first place there are more piano manufacturers who want good piano agents in Canada than there are agents who want piano manufacturers. It was also a ridiculous policy to bring sample pianos to this country, not at all suited to the taste and requirements of the people with cases unsuited to the temperature and climate of the country. The above illustration is one of many of what I have already said, that the

English manufacturer who desires to sell goods in Canada must certainly adopt the methods and ways to make the goods suit us, otherwise the American and Canadian manufacturer will continue to monopolize the most of the Canadian trade.

Englishmen Who Agree With Me

Canada and the Empire is the title of a very remarkable book that has recently appeared in England, to which an interesting preface has been contributed by Lord Roseberry. The authors are Messrs. E. S. Montagu and B. Herbert, two young men well known in British political and literary circles. These two young politicians recently made an extended tour in Canada, not as sightseers but as investigators of the bearing of the Dominion position upon the question of trade preferences. The volume itself consists of only six chapters, mostly of a narrative and argu-

mentative character, supplemented by copious appendices, useful for reference as to facts and details upon which the authors base their conclusions. Instead of considering the effects of Protection upon British industry, Messrs. Montagu and Herbert discuss the Imperial and Colonial aspects of Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal policy. They say they found nothing across the Atlantic to shake their belief in the evils of Protection, and satisfied themselves that in the best interests of the Empire the policy of Protection and Preference is inexpedient and dangerous. In summing up the views of leading schools of Canadian opinion on the question and reviewing Canadian conditions, the authors incidentally remark that unless British manufacturers modernize their methods and adapt themselves to colonial requirements they will, with or without a preference, lose the Canadian market. The authors have arrived

at the view that in Canada the Liberal party stands luke-warm on the subject of the ex-Colonial Secretary's policy, rather suspicious, and quite determined not to commit itself; that the Conservatives advocate it for their own ends, which are not Mr. Chamberlain's; and that the majority of organized labor is certainly against it. The authors add that they were amazed at the flagrantly partisan nature of the views supplied to Canadian newspapers, with one or two notable exceptions. This partisanship they declare to be on the side of Mr. Chamberlain, and to consist in giving incomplete extracts from his speeches, and in either ignoring or misconstruing the arguments of his opponents. After dwelling on the various obstacles to the practical realization of Mr. Chamberlain's or other similar proposals, the authors argue that the Imperial tie cannot be strengthened but may be endangered by such bonds. In

a concluding chapter they suggest improvement in maritime communications, better internal transport, guidance of agricultural emigration, and the removal of the embargo on the British importation of live cattle from Canada as wiser spheres of activity in the promotion of a true Imperial policy.

A Note of Warning from Lord Minto

That Imperialism will be the vital question of the future, is also a foregone conclusion with Lord Minto, Canada's former Governor-General. In his speech at a farewell banquet given him in Montreal, he significantly said:—

"A great man has raised considerations as to the Imperial responsibility of the King's subjects beyond the seas, and a great statesman is aiming at directing into one common channel the interest of the motherland and her self-governing dependencies.

We are in a transition state, the old order of things is passed away, colonies are becoming nations, with a national sentiment of their own, but, I say it as strongly as I can, it is no diminution of affection to the motherland from which they sprang. We are face to face with a problem full of difficulties no doubt. Conditions are changing and we cannot afford to stand still. Now that I am leaving you, I will only say, work out the problem with all deference for the traditional doctrine of the old world, with full regard for the hopes of our rising nationality, with all respect for racial traditions, but remember always that what is good for the Empire is good for Canada, and what is good for Canada is good for the Empire."



SHUFFLE BOARD, A VERY POPULAR DECK GAME

Legislation for the Rural Districts

I met an Englishman from the rural districts who was much put out over the way things were going on in Westminster. He said that it was beginning to be as difficult to find time in the length of the sessions of the House of Parliament of England to obtain any local legislation, as it was to shake hands with the King or Queen. For several years past their small village was endeavoring to pass a bill for the erection of an important bridge. The sessions were so occupied, so their solicitors had informed them, with business in relation to foreign wars and other outside questions that Parliament had no time to devote to local matters of such little import. If this is true, how much time would Parliament have to devote to Canadian interests, if we were to contribute our share to England's maintenance fund in exchange for representation in her House of Parliament,

with probably one or two voices to espouse our cause? A country that is continually at war, or, mixed up in foreign affairs cannot have much time for home legislation. As the people of a country become educated it is quite plain that legislators and statesmen have to be alive to these minor questions as well as to the greater ones.

England Seen Through African Eyes

Two of the most conspicuous and picturesque characters at King Edward's coronation were the Katikiro, or Prime Minister of Uganda, and his secretary, Ham Mukasa. Their visit to England was their first experience of the European outside the borders of Uganda. Both took copious notes of their impressions, and on their return Ham Muskasa wrote a book for the purpose of explaining to the people of Uganda the wonderful civilization they had seen. The book was written in the native

language, and has been translated by a missionary who has preserved in a remarkable degree the idiom and *naïveté* of the original. The Booklover's Magazine printed the following extracts by special arrangement with Messrs. Hutchinson & Company, of London, who have published a book on the subject. These extracts are interesting from the fact that they bear on the subject of these letters, *i.e.*:—

IMPRESSIONS OF THE ENGLISH

“There are two characteristics of the English nation—those are kindness and bravery; and when I see anyone who has not these I consider him one who would be disowned in England. Kindness is the mother and bravery is the father of their nation; and between these two is great wisdom, worthy of being sought after. If all nations were like the English, all the world would be at peace.

The English are careful in all they do,

and have no favoritism in judging cases but judge all men alike. Chiefs and common people, kings and princes, rich and poor, great and small, men and women—all are judged fairly and uprightly, and the judges take care to make no mistakes; and therefore all we black peoples like the English.

What I myself think is this: before the end of the world a great many people will leave the country of their birth, and go to the lands ruled over by the English, because a great many other European nations rule very badly indeed, killing people for nothing, beating them before they have been tried, and confiscating their goods without cause. They say: "Killing a black man is nothing." But though they speak thus, their boasting is in vain. A king who rules over a land should show his kindness to all men, as God does to every man; but a rule that does not follow the example set by God endures but a short time."

he requires—wisdom and the understanding of difficult matters. If God made a distinction between races, there would have been no wise nation on Earth except the Jews, who are called the chosen people; but God not despising any man and being kind to all nations, enables them to obtain wisdom of all kinds, and above all to know the Words of Life—which some call foolishness, and trust in their own wisdom and make it their god, trusting in it more than they trust in God who gave it to them.

HOMeward BOUND

It is always a good thing to decide when you are going home, and by what steamer, before you have reached Liverpool. Then if you have time, if you are not going to London by any special train that may be waiting for you, go to the booking office and reserve your accommodation. This is essential whether it is a crowded season or not. It makes your stay in England an object of time, and spares you considerable worry on the subject, after you are there. There is nothing like decision, when travelling in matters of this kind. I have heard people say "Oh, I never make up my mind to leave a place until I feel like it." I pity them as they are apt to lose much of the pleasure of travelling. Make out an

Look at God, the King of Kings. He does not distinguish between those over whom he rules, but gives to every kind of man happiness and peace, and those things

itinerary from time to time, and try to follow it as closely as possible, and much more enjoyment will be your reward, when it is all over. It is impossible to see everything, no matter where you are, so become philosophical on this point and see more than the lagging traveller who bides his own time, to do as he feels so inclined.

Following this principle, I made up my mind to book a return voyage on the ss. Baltic, the largest ship in the world. I had come over on the largest passenger ship sailing out of the port of Quebec, and here was an opportunity to go back on the largest going out of the port of New York. All the accommodation on the Baltic was reserved, although it was a week ahead of sailing time. And so I had to leave for London with a very unsettled feeling, which never left me until I received the good tidings, only about three days before she sailed, that the company had

found accommodation for me. You see I had made up my mind to go back on the Baltic and I succeeded, notwithstanding the fact that there were hundreds like myself, who were refused about the same time as I was. But I would not be satisfied to book on any other ship, talked to the polite Liverpool official of the White Star Steamship company after that manner, and the talk evidently had some effect as he apologized for not being able to notify me earlier.

London to Liverpool

There are several special trains running out of London which connect with the Baltic and other steamships sailing out of Liverpool. The company generally sends you all information, as to the station, hour of train departure, etc., as well as blank labels on which to insert your name and cabin number. An hour before the train

leaves, you notify the head porter of your hotel that you are going and what time you wish to leave. If your baggage is ready you will find it on a hansom or carriage, waiting for you at the main entrance. Word has gone around the hotel that you are leaving. This news travels quicker than the Marconigraph would carry it, and you will probably encounter the maid and the "boots" a half dozen times, if you have not already "tipped" them. Then the elevator man has a most agreeable surprise in store for you. To your wonderment he wishes you a pleasant trip on the Baltic. This was too much for me and I couldn't resist giving him a shilling for his good wishes and his exceeding politeness during my stay. There were two "lifts" as they call them in England, in my hotel, and of course I ran against the operator of the second, but before he had an opportunity to wish me a safe passage on the Baltic, I

let him see I knew my business by dropping a sixpence in his hand. Then I gave a shilling to the head porter who never failed to salute me whenever I went in or out of the hotel, and sixpence to each of his several aide-de-camps, who are generally tall handsome fellows, in bright military looking uniforms, and a shilling to the very obliging porter who assisted me to pack up and carried my trunks down to the hansom. I must not forget to say that I gave a shilling each to my maid, my valet and the "boots."

At the Station

We drove one and a half miles to the station, known as Euston, and one of the largest in London. My tip to travellers visiting London for the first time is to put your faith in railway porters. Avoid asking questions. Only state the train you are going by and then follow him with his truck and your luggage on it. He will ask you two or three questions. Answer them but say no more. Just follow. He finds your train, secures you a seat, piles the baggage you want to carry with you in it under it and over it, and then takes the balance to the baggage compartment in the fore part of the car. That is all you have to do. The train goes alongside of the ship; you get aboard and in a few minutes your whole paraphernalia is in your cabin. Nothing easier in the world. The cabby only charged about forty cents for his fare and I added ten cents for himself; the por-

ter received sixpence for his "tip." Now as it happened I had no railway ticket so I told the porter I wanted to buy one. He instructed me to go along a passage which I did, and saw the ticket office. The fare, the third class of course, was 16 shillings, or at the rate of about two cents per mile. After purchasing my ticket I continued on to the end of the passage and there was my porter waiting for me. He had gone around another way. Railway travelling is about the same rate as in America. On the train I indulged in a luncheon. The dining cars are not up to the standard of America's dining cars, while the tariff is about the same, 75 cents and upwards. The cars only hold about one third of what ours do, and when they are filled the proper attendants lock both ends and start in to feed the hungry passengers. The menu is short, not varied and only consists of a soup, fish, *entrée*,

meat, salad, pudding and cheese. Tea and coffee is three pence extra. We formed the second relay that day and only received about half the bill of fare as the car had run out of supplies, but we were glad to get anything.

*On the Baltic Bound for Quebec via
New York*

While I did not exactly know what was the first thing to do on such a large steamer, I knew it would not be long before I would find out, so I started in to get my bearings and locate the important places which I was most interested in. They included the dining saloon, smoking room, library, writing room, barber shop, etc. Now all these are quickly discovered on a small ship, but when it comes to a large vessel, like the Baltic, the task is quite a different thing. There are four decks and the trouble is to find them all without hav-

ing to go up and down the different staircases a half dozen times to locate each one. Every officer and steward is rushing about all as busy as bees, but if you bide your time you can intercept one and find out all you want. Another way is to go to your cabin, touch the button and get it all from your steward, but you may have to wait until the ship starts to do this. The first move is in the direction of the dining saloon, where you fall in line, if the crowd is large, and secure your seat at the table. If you are in a party or have a family, by all means wire or write to the chief steward for chair accommodation. Then when you reach the steward locating the passengers, you will find your seats reserved. If not, you may find it impossible to have adjacent seats, which is very unpleasant in the case of a family. I saw one gentleman caught in this fix, and he had to seat his family of five, in three different places,

which naturally created some annoyance. If he had had the knowledge of to-day, this would never have happened. Of course, many such inconveniences as the foregoing can be afterwards satisfactorily obviated, but probably several other passengers are put out by being removed to oblige the man who wants to bring his family together. As I said before, don't fail to write and secure your seats before you get on board. After being assigned to your place at the dining table, next look for your mail matter, if you are expecting any, and if you are not, you will have a chance of knowing some of the people on board by the addresses on the letters. One of the stewards in the saloon generally has charge of this duty. Then find the deck steward and obtain your lounging chair. There is always sufficient time to arrange for your bath, as no one takes me the first day out of Liverpool on account of the muddy and sandy condition of the water.

Selfish Travellers

"If you don't look after yourself no one else will," is a little axiom some travellers try to live up to with indifference and bad form. Rules are very good things for those who require them, but a gentleman is a gentleman all the same, and no gentleman is entitled to that distinction who lives up to a standard that will make him conspicuous by his selfishness. In fact a better rule to follow when travelling, is self-sacrifice, philosophy and contentment. Now, let us see how they work. When I boarded the Baltic I did not know what kind of a cabin I was destined to have, where I would sit in the dining saloon, and what hour I would have my bath, all important measures of comfort. I was one of the last to book on the Baltic, and yet I received an excellent cabin on the promenade deck; in fact in a suite of twelve cabins known among the preferable. I had an excellent and agree-



ASLEEP ON DECK, ENJOYING THE SUNSHINE

able cabin-mate. I was also one of the last to secure my seat in the dining saloon, and yet again I received one of the best among charming company, and I assure you in that large number of passengers, there were some I would not have desired to be sitting alongside. My bath was at a very inconvenient hour because I had to let things take their course, and had to take what was left, and that was at 8.45 a.m., but a nice little talk with the bath-room steward, brought about a revision of things and I got what I wanted, so you see "All things come to him who waits." Of course I do not advise everybody to do as I did and expect the same treatment. In my case I was single and it was not difficult to accommodate me. If I had been one of a party and left everything to the last, no doubt a great deal of annoyance would have been the result.

But my subject just now is the selfish-

ness of travellers. Our bath-room steward was terribly put out by a selfish individual who took half an hour to bathe every morning. When the ship is crowded the baths are at a premium, and it is the duty of every passenger to perform this exhilarating function as quickly as possible for the convenience of his fellow passengers who follow. Then on deck we had a young man who incessantly smoked bad flavored cigarettes. We were all lined up together, that is, our chairs were, and the wind generally blew the smoke one way or the other. His neighbors consequently received the benefit of the unsavory fumes, after he had got through with them. The second day he found himself completely ostracized as we ordered the removal of our chairs to more favorable locations. Ten to one, the selfish individual did not know enough to even perceive the position he had made for himself on deck, but nearly everyone

else did. Now that man was not a gentleman.

There were other cases of such selfishness, but I am glad to say they were not numerous, though the principals lived up to the reputation of their actions in looks and manners. I have come to the conclusion that the selfish individual is by far the most unhappy of all classes of humanity, not even excepting the starving beggar, who sometimes has a ray of sunshine shed across his toilsome path; to the selfish, there is no such pleasure.

By the way, I thought the man who took a half hour bath, was the limit of selfishness, but one afternoon my cabin mate took it into his head to take a bath and accordingly ordered one. The bath room in our suite was used by both sexes, which is an uncommon practice on shipboard, but in this instance it was, and the steward returned to say that the bath was occupied

by a lady, but he thought she would not be long as she had already been there half an hour. Considerable time went by, and my friend growing impatient again called and asked after his bath. A few minutes later the steward came back with a broad smile saying that the lady in question had fallen asleep in the water. Now, this is the first time I have ever heard of such a thing, although I know of a Quebecer who woke up in his bath one morning; but he knew the reason why.

Auction Pool on Ship Board

You often hear of auction pool on board a ship. It is one of the great pastimes in the smoking room, and with a good auctioneer much amusement is elicited after dinner in the early part of the evening. Everyone is in good humour. It is a game of chance on the day's run of the ship and is very fascinating. The first move is to

receive £1 each from twenty passengers which forms the nucleus of the pool. Then the auctioneer announces the twenty numbers that are to be drawn for, and gives anyone in the pool an opportunity to change them by a majority vote. The twenty numbers are arranged from the ship's first day's run on her previous westward or eastward trip, as the case may be, taking into consideration the existing and probable weather. After settling this question to the satisfaction of all, the auctioneer proceeds to sell each individual number, half of the proceeds going to the original owner, or, if he should bid it in for himself, he only pays half the amount. To make this more explicit. A draws say number 365 and it is considered a good number. B, who is an outsider (not a member of the pool, might pay £3 (\$15) for it, of which A would receive half the amount of the surplus of one pound, the

original investment, which would be, in this instance, thirty shillings (\$7.50), representing a profit on his investment, but he would have no further interest in the pool, and the man who bought it would receive all the money if that number won. I make this point plain, because it shows an advantage for the original investors, excepting those who draw low numbers, when the chances are in favour of a high run or *vice versa*. Then the numbers would hardly bring the amount of the original investment. After all the numbers have been disposed of, the high and low are sold. These represent any number over and under the twenty selected numbers. They are the most coveted prizes of the pool and bring very large sums. My cabin mate paid £44 (\$220) for the high, one evening, and was fortunate enough to win, although there was only £32 (\$160) in the pool. It is decided on the ship's run from noon, one

day, to noon the next. It is a great lottery but seems to enlist the interest of almost all in the smoking room.

Towards the end of the trip the auction pools grow very large and run from \$500 to \$1,000.

The Library

Almost every passenger ship crossing the ocean to-day contains a library of books for the use of its cabin passengers. At certain times during the day the Steward is on hand to lend books to the passengers. The number of books vary from five hundred up to a thousand or more. In any case one can always obtain sufficient library reading matter while on board a ship to satisfy his literary inclinations.

A Day of Sports

A new feature now on the large ships is an afternoon of sports. It takes very well and affords great amusement to all the spectators. I had the work of organizing those to be held on the Baltic and the task was not a difficult one. Within an hour or two we collected over a hundred dollars for prizes. We had fourteen events including two tugs-of-war. We gave three prizes for each contest, purchasing them in the barber's shop. They consisted of all descriptions of souvenirs of the big ship. To give a better idea of the kind of sports indulged in, I herewith append a copy of the programme which sold for six-pence each. I would also add that any surplus, and there is always supposed to be one, is devoted to the concert fund.

1. 50 Yards Juniors, 16 and under.
2. Potato Race, Mixed Juniors.
3. Cock fight, Men.

4. Three-Legged Race.
5. Shoe Race, Ladies.
6. 50 Yards, Whistling Race.
7. Egg and Spoon Race, Ladies.
8. Potato Race, Mixed Seniors.
9. Obstacle Race.
11. Hop, Step and Jump.
12. Life Belt Competition, Special Prize.
13. Tug of War, America vs. England.

The Printing Office

My first experience with a printing office on board the Baltic was when I had to go to the printer to have the programme of sports printed. His shop was about the size of an ordinary cabin. There was a small press and a rack of type. Here the menus are printed each day and for any extra work such as I ordered the printer makes a charge as in a regular office on land.

The Ship's Concert

It is always customary to have concerts on board ships sailing between America and Great Britain. The night for these entertainments is generally Thursday. The concerts are usually arranged for by the doctor of the ship, with the assistance of two or three of the lady passengers. It is not an arduous undertaking to obtain sufficient talent to make up a good programme, as the laudable object, the benefit of the Seamen's Wives' and Orphans' Homes, is a sufficient incentive to make the charitably disposed amateur or professional acquiesce in any solicitations to take part in the entertainment. Although the proceeds of these concerts seem to aggregate large collections, contributions being entirely voluntary, yet it is surprising how small the sum total is at the end of the year. I had the honor of being chairman of one of the concerts in question, and in order to know

more about its object I looked up some of the annual reports of the institutions interested and found they were supported principally by the subscriptions of the steamship companies, and I was surprised to see how small the concert contributions were in comparison with the total amount required for the good work which is done in this direction. I also learned that the revenue from all sources is received into one fund, which is proportionately divided by an Executive Committee of the leading business and steamship men of England with an American and Canadian Advisory Board.

The Bar Receipts

Like everything else on the Baltic the daily bar receipts are enormous, amounting to over one thousand dollars. Of course this includes wines supplied at the meals, which is a very considerable item, when one takes into account the fact that almost

every passenger indulges in some kind of drink while eating. Poland water, beer, Scotch and soda and champagne seem to be the favorite and most popular of all drinks on board of ship.

The Ship's Doctor

He is an interesting character. He is mysterious, reserved, and yet a "good fellow" when you meet him intimately. He is the most envied of all officers on board and yet the most abused. If you are ill you welcome him in your cabin, and follow his orders and take his prescriptions. If you do not require him you join with the rest of the passengers in surmising why he should give up a land practice for that of a ship. Then he becomes interesting. Almost all theories are propounded. Love, disappointment, family troubles, black sheep, in fact every thing but the truth is offered by the morbid curiosity of the

travellers, and when the ship reaches its destination few if any, are wiser as to their perturbed deliberations over the ship's medical man. When you leave the ship the poor doctor is probably forgotten. But steamship companies are compelled to have a doctor on board, and no ship ever sails without one. They are as essential to the complement of the ship's officers and crew, as any post. They wear the nattiest costume and promenade the deck with a dignified air of complaisance and touching solicitations for those who are "dubbed" under the weather. But as I said before they are a much misunderstood profession on the ocean. Their services are supposed to be gratuitous and their remuneration not the largest. They are responsible for the health of the passengers on board, few of whom think of recompensing him in the same manner that they do their stewards, and this is where

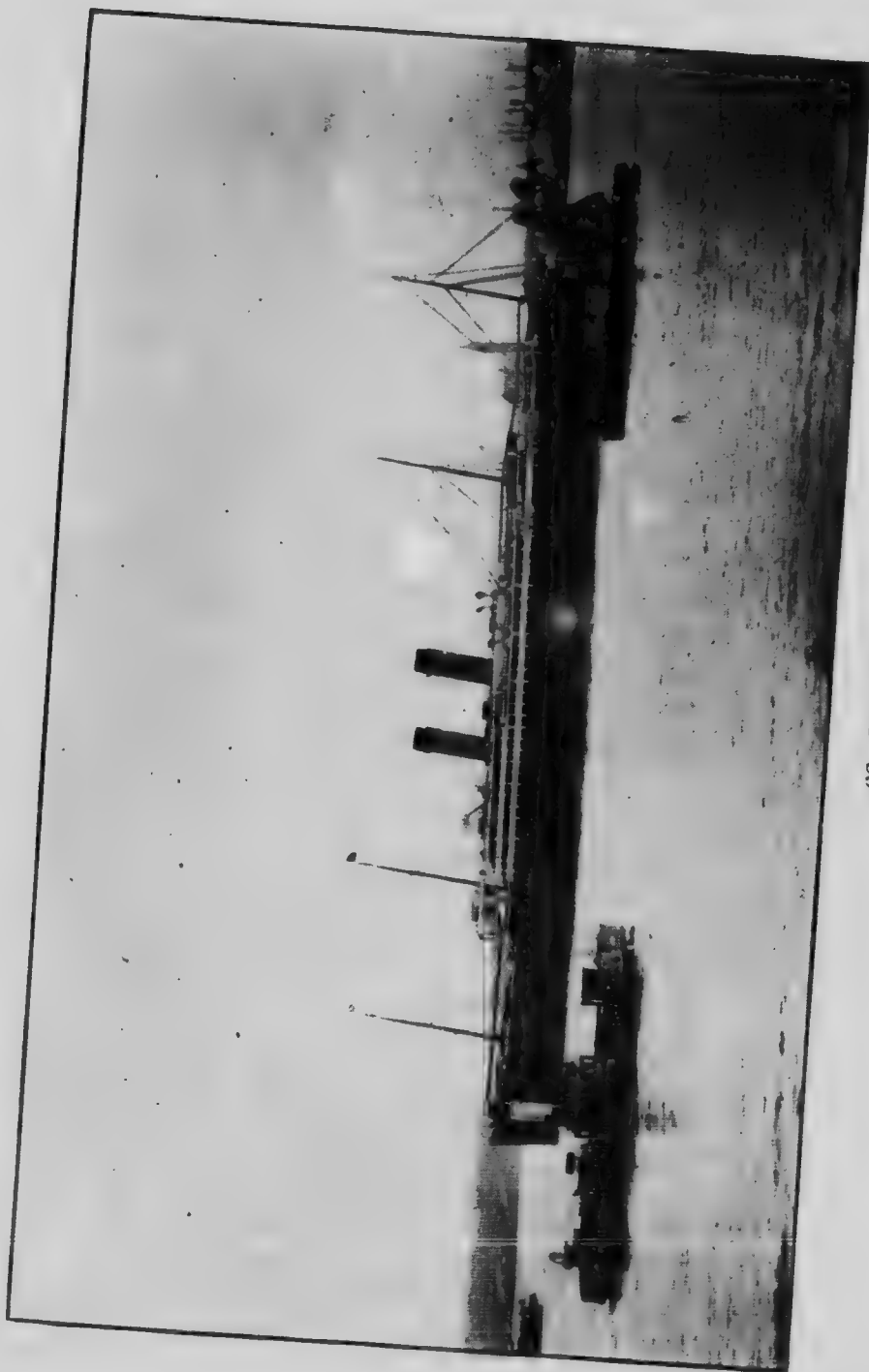
they are frequently imposed upon and where they have to lend their valuable services where duty does not demand it.

It must be understood that the ship's doctor is only supposed to attend on those who are ill from the motion of the ship and not from any long suffering ailment which passengers may be afflicted with. On the steamer Baltic there were two medical men for 3,544 passengers, 2,000 of which were steerage. The reader can therefore have some idea of the difficulties attending such a responsibility. One passenger died, several were seriously ill, few if any from seasickness, yet the doctors had a busy time. By the way, the doctor on the Baltic is a Canadian, a graduate of McGill University.

The Ship's Barber

When a ship is crowded the barber is one of the busiest men on board, and there is no limit to his profits. He charges 25 cents for a five minute shave, and 50 cents for a hair cut. I leave the reader to surmise what he receives for a shampoo or face massage, on the basis of these prices. However, he is kept busy from early morning until late at night. But this is not exactly the object of my alluding to this department of the ship. Our barber's name was Henricks. He was certainly a clever fellow, not only as a tonsorial artist, but as a professional ventriloquist and slight-of-hand performer. His shop was crowded with almost ever conceivable souvenir article as well as with a miscellaneous collection of every requisite for travelling. The barber shop is the news stand and souvenir novelty depot on a ship. But the most interesting feature of his shop was a

well trained thrush bird. With him, Henricks could give a whole night's performance and among the most recent he rendered was in J. Pierpont Morgan's suite on one of the last voyages. Among the marvellous feats performed by the bird is standing on his head, lying dead, ringing a bell when hungry, a signal for the barber to place something to eat in a small thimble hanging to a cord about twelve inches long. Then the thrush draws it up with its beak, holding it tight at each pull-up with one of his claws. This latter act may be seen at any time Mr. Thrush feels like eating. Henricks has trained him to perform over one hundred tricks and considers him the best educated bird in the world, yet he makes more money at shaving on the Baltic than on the vaudeville stage, doing his specialty act.



SS. BALTIC

Linen of a Big Liner

One evening a lady passenger at our table surprised me with a statement of the quantity of linen carried in stock for the cabin passengers. This was something like 11,000 table napkins, 6,000 sheets, 12,000 towels, etc. Now if this is the stock required for the cabin, one can imagine the amount required for the whole ship. There is no laundry on board and a sufficient stock for the whole voyage must be on hand.

Our Steward

He was a tall, handsome looking fellow, and from his conversation, had seen better days. He was a placer gold prospector, and had been nine years in Alaska. He spoke seven languages and was a great friend among the various tribes of that northern territory. So much so, in fact, that he refused a lucrative government appointment.

owing to the possibility of it bringing him into bad repute with the Indians who had assisted him in locating one of the best gold claims on Vancouver Island. Unfortunately illness overcame him, and he had to give up his interests for the time being. When he recovered he was without any means to continue the development of his new found property. He did his utmost to obtain financial assistance, but to no avail, and lost all he had, as well as his prospects for the future. About this time the mining boom subsided and he had to resort to something else for a livelihood. He took the first opportunity, that offered, and from one position to another, he gradually rose to his present occupation of steward on the Baltic. As soon as he has saved up sufficient means he intends returning to the west to again reseek his fortune. I forgot to mention that he had dug out over \$20,000 on his property, which is

now one of the largest gold mines on Vancouver Island. This life of our steward only illustrates the vicissitudes of some men and of one possessing the good redeeming feature of indomitable courage, and determination to seek success in the face of the ill-luck of the past.

A Sad Scene

Pleasure is not without sadness, and the five hundred passengers on the Baitic were thrown into a state of gloom, the day before reaching New York, by the sudden death of one of the passengers. Deceased was seen by almost all on board at breakfast, but took ill and succumbed to heart failure two hours afterwards. He was a young Englishman crossing the Atlantic to establish an American agency for an English firm. His wife was with him at the time and had the heartfelt sympathy of all on board.

The sports which were to have taken place as well as the concert, were both declared off, in consequence of the unexpected and sorrowful event.

Games Played on Deck

Among the numerous games played on deck was tennis. This is played in a chalked square about 20 x 10. A cord is strung across the centre, about where the regular net in tennis should be, but raised about five feet from the deck. The same number as in tennis take sides and everything else is played similar, but without balls and bats. Nothing but a hoop of cord, eight inches in diameter is used. This is served, caught and returned by hand over the centre line, and it is wonderful how expert players become after a little practise. This game was probably one of the most popular on board.

N.B.—I learned later that this game was

originated on board the Baltic by some of my young fellow passengers.

The Ship of the Future

I am thoroughly convinced that the large ship is the ship of the future. This conviction is formed from many sources, but principally the superior comforts and less dangers of sea-sickness. At present the large ships are the most patronized, notwithstanding the rates are higher. I have now crossed the ocean on a 3,000, 10,000 and 24,000 ton vessel. On the first we had a terrific storm and tossed about for two days, with only three out of eighty cabin passengers turning up for meals. Racks, which consist of railings and divisions temporarily placed upon the tables during rough weather, to prevent the dishes from sliding off on to the floor, were used for three days. During my recent voyage on the Baltic we encountered one of the

worst gales this ship had ever run into. She was but slightly affected. The storm struck us at noon and prevailed all afternoon. One wave spray washed her top deck, which is some fifty or sixty feet high and yet there were not more than 10 to 15 per cent absent from the dinner table that evening. Nor do I believe, as some do, that the Baltic, now two and one half times larger than any St. Lawrence river passenger ship will be the limit of size. In fact, it will not so as soon as the Adriatic, which will be thirty feet longer and correspondingly larger has been launched. And so on as long as the present leviathan ocean palaces give satisfaction and prove paying investments, they will increase in size, until another better mode and means of ocean travel is discovered. So there is much in prospect to aid the future of Quebec as a port, for while it may be within the financial resources of our government to

make the river and gulf absolutely safe up to this port it will be a very costly and risky undertaking for the large ships to venture any further. However, it all remains with our business men whether or not Quebec becomes a shipping port. A few years ago, perhaps less than ten, a four or five thousand ton passenger ship was about the largest seen coming to the port of Quebec. To-day we have them of twelve thousand tons, or more than double the size of those in commission a short period ago. Among the latter class is the ss. Canada, Capt. Jones of the Dominion line. No finer ship sails out of the St. Lawrence, and it was my good fortune to be on board of her, on one of her recent outgoing voyages. The day previous to my sailing, a friend of mine had left for London, via New York, in order to make a speedy crossing on one of the fast boats leaving that port. I got to Liverpool in eight days from the date of

sailing, crossed England to Harwich, remained there one night and then lost a half day in going to London, to find my friend had not arrived, and when he did, that evening, he had a wail of protests against his ill-luck and the bad service and meals on board of his ship. To the credit of the White Star line I may say that he did not allude to one of their fine ships, and furthermore I returned on one of their boats via New York, and am positive such complaints, as my friend made, are impossible with the above company. The St. Lawrence route, as I have said before, has many advantages over New York, one of which is the two or three days' comfortable river sail before reaching the ocean, and the other is the association with a congenial crowd of fellow passengers. You know everybody on board in a day or two, and everybody knows you.



Photo Major Ashmead

CRICKET--BASEBALL ON SS. WINIFREDIAN

Meals on SS. Canada

But of the meals and service on board the Canada I cannot speak too highly, and they are worthy of the mention of Chief Steward Fisher, who certainly has the interests of the passengers and company at heart in this respect. Captain Jones is also a charming character, in addition to being a good mariner, and a trip over or back on the Canada, is a delightful pleasure from beginning to end. After the experience of making a voyage both ways, I am proud of the very advanced and comfortable accommodation, given travellers to-day via the St. Lawrence route, besides the saving financially as well. You cannot sail from New York on any of the large ships, first cabin, under \$90 and upwards, in addition to railway fare to and from New York, while you can have passage via the Canadian route from \$55 upwards.

I think it will not be out of place to

give here the menus of two meals in one day, on the Canada, which will convince the reader that passengers on a ship like this have no reason to complain, if the food is good and well served as it is on this ship. The following is a copy of the menus :

LUNCHEON

Bloater Toast.

Chicken Broth

Consomme Sago.

Roast Ribs of Beef and Baked Potatoes
Baked Jacket and Mashed Potatoes

COLD

Fresh Lobster

Preserved Salmon

Roast Beef Roast Veal Benoist Beef

Roast Goose

Boiled York Ham

Ox Tongue

Boar's Head

Bologna Sausage

Corned Beef

SWEETS

Zwieback Pudding
Blueberry Tart Small Pastry

Bananas

Lettuce

Bisquits

Cheese

Tea

Coffee

DINNER

Pate de Foie Gras

Okra Tomato Consomme Spring

Baked Cod, Sauce Piquante

Broiled Mutton Cutlets with Peas
Calf's Head en Tortue

Spaghetti a l'Amercaine

Roast Sirloin of Beef, Potato Croquettes
Goose and Apple Sauce

Roast Veal, Lemon Sauce
Boiled Corned Ox Tongue and Vegetables

Cauliflower

Spanish Onions

Boiled Rice

Boiled, Baked and Mashed Potatoes
Roast Ptarmigan, Port Wine Sauce,
Game Chips

Jam Roll Pudding and Sweet Sauce

Apple Tart Almond Sponge Cakes

Cream Cornets

Ice Cream and Wafers

Welsh Rarebits

Dessert Biscuits Cheese Coffee

My Fellow Passengers

Among the Canadian passengers, without mentioning any names, it was interesting to enumerate them and their destinations. One old lady and her daughter, hailing from Ontario, were going to join a son-in-law engaged in mining in Spain. Another similar couple from Montreal, were making a few months' visit in England. Two young Scotchmen engaged in business in the aforementioned city were going home to see a sick mother, whom they had not seen for twelve years ; a mother and her two daughters were destined to Liepzig, where one of the daughters was entering the Conservatoire of Music for a three years' course ; another passenger, wife of one of the experts in the Sydney mines, was going home to bring out her mother ; another lady who was taken ill while travelling with her husband in Canada and who had to remain behind to recuperate,

was going to join her husband; another lady was returning home after a visit to relatives in Canada, and so the list goes on. Everyone has some object in going or coming, but all are happy, and full of good spirits and expectations; all cares and worries of life are certainly left behind, when making an ocean voyage.

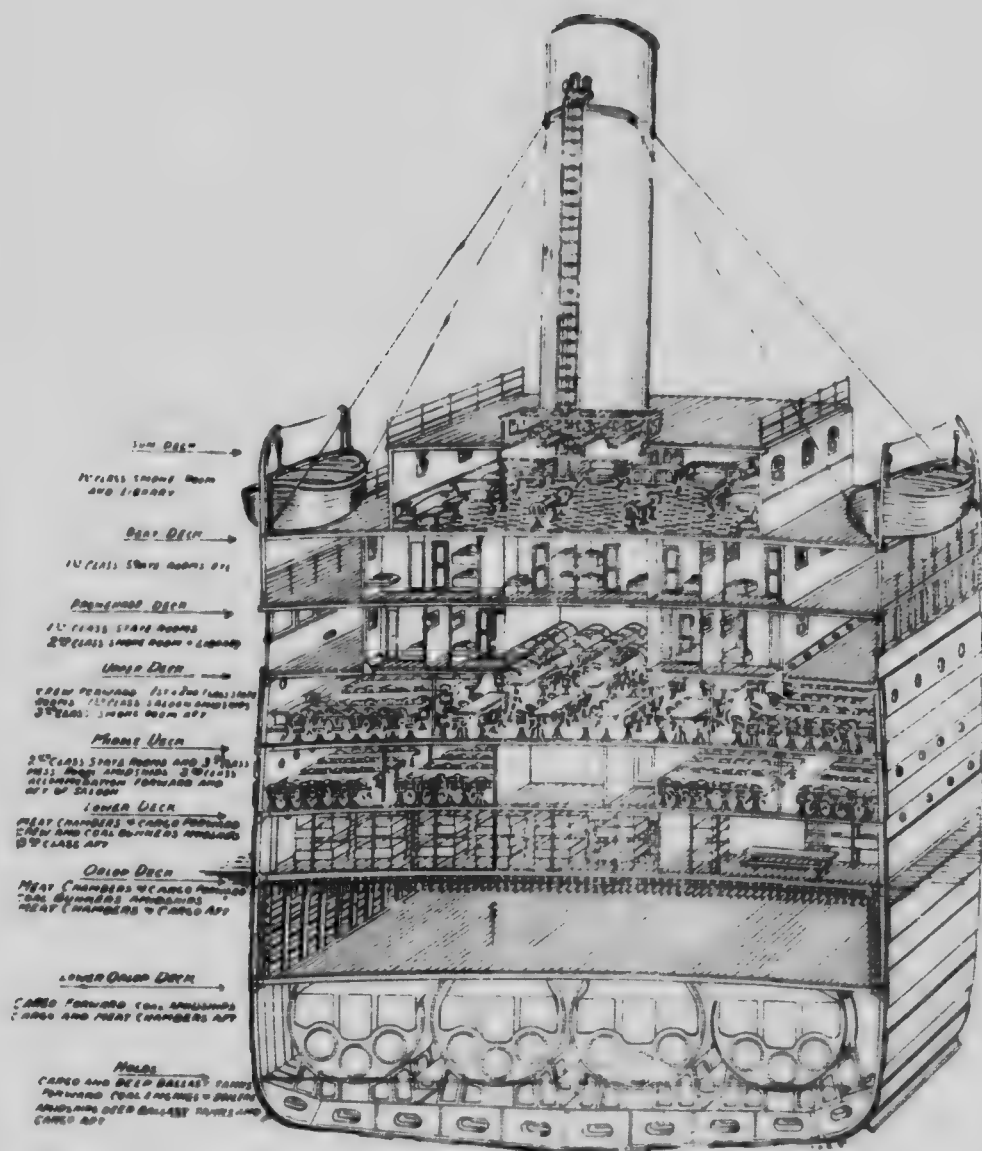
Now the difference in a ship returning to the United States from Europe in the month of September, is that almost every passenger on board is an American returning home from a season abroad. Conversation all over the ship constantly drifts towards the doings, sights and experiences of the respective passengers. It is a regular education to sit around and listen, and it amazes one to realize the amount of travelling the American indulges in. Switzerland, France and Germany are now waning in interest alongside of Italy, Norway and Sweden, the interior of

Egypt, Algeria and many other such countries where there are no Cooks' agencies and where the ubiquitous travellers have not made a regular trodden path.

At the Landing in New York

New York is not above practising imposition upon strangers. I had a little experience on my arrival there from the *ss. Baltic*. The examination of your baggage is carried on after much the same system as that practised in Liverpool. The passengers leave the ship a few minutes after its arrival and walk into a long shed upon the far wall of which are the letters of the alphabet painted in large black characters. You immediately get near the initial letter of your surname and there wait until your baggage arrives. If you have several pieces you need not expect them to come altogether, but on the whole, you will not have long to wait, as there is no lost time in

landing baggage either in New York, or London. After you have got your pieces together you go to the Custom House officer's desk and he assigns you an officer who examines your baggage and labels it with the Custom's passport. After this, you seek an express or carriage agent for its removal. Now, here is where you run against imposition. If you are not aware of the cab tariff rates in New York, you are charged double. If you happen to know them it is all the same, but on raising an objection the agent immediately makes a correction. The same thing occurs with the express company. The only reason the White Star line permits anything of this kind within their limits, is the fact that they are possibly not aware of it. Nevertheless, the imposition was so flagrant to several passengers, as well as to myself, that I imagine it will not be long before the company makes some change in that



INTERIOR OF SS. BALTIC

department, similar to that existing on the arrival of trains of the New York Central and Pennsylvania Railways.

America's Customs

After my experience of running the gauntlet of the American Customs officials when coming over from Europe, I have come to the conclusion that it is about as strict an examination of oneself and belongings, as in any other country I have ever been in. I refer to this, for the reason that before going on the continent several years ago, I was warned that the Customs officials at the various borders were a menace to one's pleasures of travel. In making a comparison of the *modus operandi* of the United States, with that of other countries I have visited, I think the former is as severe as any of them. It took over three hours to examine and pass the cabin passengers of the Baltic. We had to line up

in the dining saloon after breakfast, and wait until our turn came. We were asked all kinds of questions, as to extra clothing and other purchases, which we had made while absent from America, or, if, arriving on this side for the first time, we had to give a list of the dutiable articles. Then you have to sign a manifest and give your age, place of birth, where you reside, where you are going, what ailments and sicknesses you have been afflicted with, your business, etc. You have to sign your name several times and generally do it in the wrong places, so that the officer has to have you do it over again. There is about one examining officer for every fifty passengers, so that the reader can readily surmise the length of time it takes to conform with the Customs regulations of the United States.

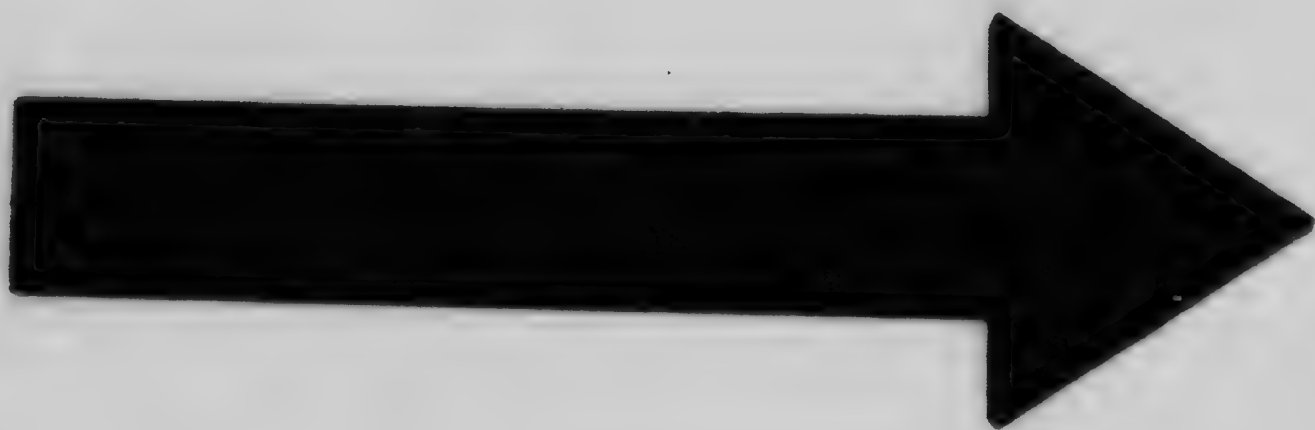
Among the long list of passengers on board were a number of prominent Amer-

icans. The Government Custom's officials seemed to be aware of this fact, and every now and again the name of one of these distinguished personages would be called out and quietly requested to go to a special table where the regular examination was less severe. They were the favorites of a government, which claims to have no such thing in its constitution.

Progressive New York

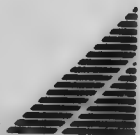
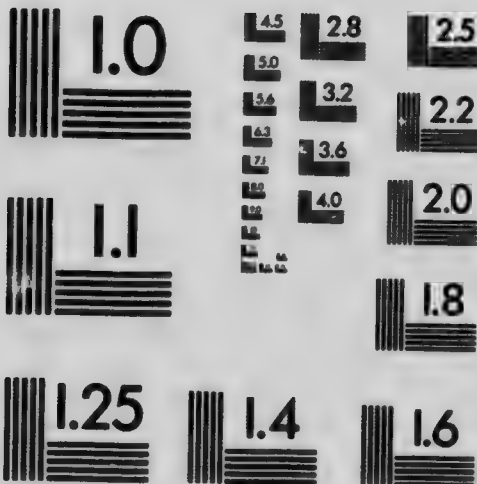
With its colossal twenty-five to thirty storey buildings towering to the sky, and in such numbers that no one seems to take much notice of them, although it is not long ago that any one of them would have been considered wonders of the nineteenth century. To-day they are as thick as mushrooms as the saying is.

New York is a city every boy and girl, whether American or Canadian, should see as a matter of education. The railway fare



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during excursion times is not very much and they can find board and lodging as reasonable as they want them to be. It is a city where you will find every modern invention, in course of operation, where art and music are as highly cultivated and taught, as anywhere on this continent; where the atmosphere is filled with activity and progress; where every man has an opening for his talent and an opportunity for his ambition, but where no man can exist who has not energy, perseverance and brains to surpass the thousands of competitors who are racing for the same object as he is and where every person who succeeds, hundreds fall by the way-side. But you only see the bright side of New York when you go to visit it, and it invigorates you to renewed energies and a better love for your own small sphere of life no matter where it be, and Quebec is good enough for me.

The White Star Line

The advent of the *Baltic*, the largest ship which the world has yet seen and the latest addition to the vessels of a line which has always sought to lead the way in the development of ocean travel, suggests the appropriateness of a brief epitome of the origin and progress of this remarkable and progressive undertaking. In its present form the White Star Line dates back to 1869, when the Oceanic Steam Navigation Company was formed, and the steamer *Oceanic* was decided upon. But the White Star Line had an existence prior to this, for the well-known red burgee, with the white star emblazoned thereon, had flown from the masthead of a fleet of sailing vessels which during the Australian gold rush carried adventurous miners from the old world to seek fortune among the auriferous deposits of the antipodes. It is not generally recognized that the extensive trans-

fer of population which then took place between Europe and Australia played a very important part in the development of the British Mercantile Marine. This is strikingly exemplified by the past history of the White Star Line. It was in 1867 that the management of this old-time White Star Line passed into the hands of the late Mr. Thos. Henry Ismay, and he speedily set about replacing the wooden vessels of the fleet with iron ones, thus showing the large and go-ahead views with which he was imbued, and which were afterwards to play so important a part in subsequent shipping history. In 1869 the Oceanic Steam Navigation Company was formed, and in the following year, Mr. Ismay was joined in partnership by Mr. Wm. Imrie, of the firm of Imrie, Tomlinson & Co., in whose office Messrs. Ismay and Imrie had been apprentices. The style of the firm was Messrs. Ismay, Imrie and Co. A fleet of steamers

was resolved upon, and Messrs. Harland & Wolf, of Belfast, were commissioned to build them, and, as the sequel showed, every succeeding steamer but one which had or has the White Star flag. The first vessel of the fleet was the Oceanic, which was launched in August 1870, and in February of the following year she steamed into the Mersey, and speedily convinced all who saw her that a new era had begun in the history of trans-Atlantic steam navigation. She was long and narrow, with yacht-like lines, and was rigged as a four-masted barque. But it was her internal arrangements which constituted the chief departure from existing models. The first-class dining saloon and the first cabin state-rooms were amidships, and natural ventilation was secured wherever possible with the result that the travelling public soon realized that the new boat possessed marked advantages. The popularity of the type

and the line were at once assured. The Oceanic was speedily followed by the Baltic, Republic, Adriatic, and Celtic, and also the Asiatic, Gaelic, Belgic, and Tropic, which were afterwards sold; and in 1874-5 were built a unique pair of steamers, the Britannic and Germanic, whose long life and excellent work are alone sufficient to put the hall mark of sterling worth on Messrs. Harland & Wolf's workmanship.

The latter vessel is still running, though she has been diverted from the New York to the Canadian trade, and her beautiful saloons and state-rooms are classed as second cabin accommodation. A somewhat

***Remarkable Feature of the Early History
of the White Star Line***

was the number of ships sold. A progressive policy frequently showed that it was possible to build more suitable vessels for a special trade, and when these were ready the boats they replaced were promptly disposed of the excellence of Harland & Wolff's workmanship ensuring a plethora of customers from whom to select. We have already mentioned four vessels which were so sold, the others being the Baltic, Republic, Arabic, Celtic, Runic, and Oceanic. Very wisely, if for no other sentimental reasons the White Star management has perpetuated these popular appellations. The Baltic is in common parlance a marvel. When eighteen years old, with her original boilers and compound engines, she made the run between Queens-town and New York in a little over 7½ days. Since then she has received new

engines and boilers, and her passengers' quarters have been re-arranged and re-decorated, so that she is a smaller edition of the Majestic and Teutonic. She soon showed that she was worth the money spent upon her, for in August, 1896, she occupied only 6 days 21 hours 38 minutes between Queenstown and New York. Two important events in the history of the line are the advent of the Teutonic and Majestic, magnificent vessels of an average twenty-knot speed, and built with a view to employment not only as mail and passenger carriers, but also as armed cruisers. Then on January 14th, 1899, was launched the famous Oceanic, and the contrast between her and her predecessor strikingly shows the development of three decades.

1869—420 length, 42 beam, 29 depth, 4211 tons.

1899—704 length, 68 beam, 44 depth, 17,274 tons.

The First Baltic

was approximatively similar to the first Oceanic, so that the tonnage of the present Baltic, 24,000, brings into still stronger relief the marked progress which the White Star Line have made. Going back to 1884 their fleet numbered twenty vessels of 347,829 tons, an average of 11,220 tons per steamer. The Oceanic did not remain the largest vessel of the fleet, for after her came the Celtic, 20,904 tons, and the Cedric, 21,035 tons, vessels to which the Baltic with her 24,000 tons, is a younger but bigger sister. But while all these changes and developments were occurring in the North Atlantic fleet the management of the huge concern had also undergone some change. In 1881 Mr. W. S. Graves, son of the late M.P. of that name, was admitted a partner, and ten years later, Mr. T. H. Ismay's two elder sons Mr. J. Bruce Ismay and Mr. James H. Ismay, were also admitted

members of the firm. This was on the 1st January, and at the close of the year 1891, Mr. Ismay retired from the firm of Ismay, Imrie & Co., but retained control as chairman of the White Star Line. The more recent developments in the management of the line are too recent and too well-known to need mention. We have already mentioned that all the vessels of the White Star fleets have, with one exception, been built by Messrs. Harland & Wolff; the late Sir Ed. Harland and the Right Hon. W. J. Pierrie being in no small degree responsible for the high excellence of the White Star fleets. The list of services at present conducted by the White Star Line is as follows:

**AMERICAN SERVICES
MAIL AND PASSENGER STEAMERS**

New York

	Tons
Germanic	5,070
Oceanic (t.s.)	17,274
Majestic (t.s.)	10,000
Teutonic (t.s.)	10,000
*Baltic (t.s.)	24,000
*Cedric (t.s.)	21,000
*Celtic (t.s.)	21,000
Arabic (t.s.)	15,801
*The three largest vessels in the world.	

Boston

*Republic (t.s.)	15,378
Cretic (t.s.)	13,507
Canopic (t. s.)	12,096
Romanic (t.s.)	11,394
Cymric (t.s.)	13,096
*The largest vessel in the Boston trade.	

FREIGHT AND LIVE STOCK STEAMERS

Georgie (t.s.)	10,000
Cevic (t.s.)	8,301
Bovic (t.s.)	6,583

COLONIAL SERVICES

New Zealand

	TONS
*Athenic (t.s.)	12,234
*Corinthic (t.s.)	12,231
*Ionic (t.s.)	12,234
Gothic (t.s.)	7,755
Delphis (t.s.)	8,273

*The largest vessels in the New Zealand trade.

Australia

Afric (t.s.)	11,948
Medic (t.s.)	11,984
Runic (t.s.)	12,482
Suevic (t.s.)	12,500
Persic (t.s.)	11,974

The largest vessels sailing from the United Kingdom in the Australian trade.

Cufic (t.s.)	8,200
Tropic (t.s.)	8,200

PACIFIC SERVICE

Doric	4,676
Copic	4,356
Gælic	4,205

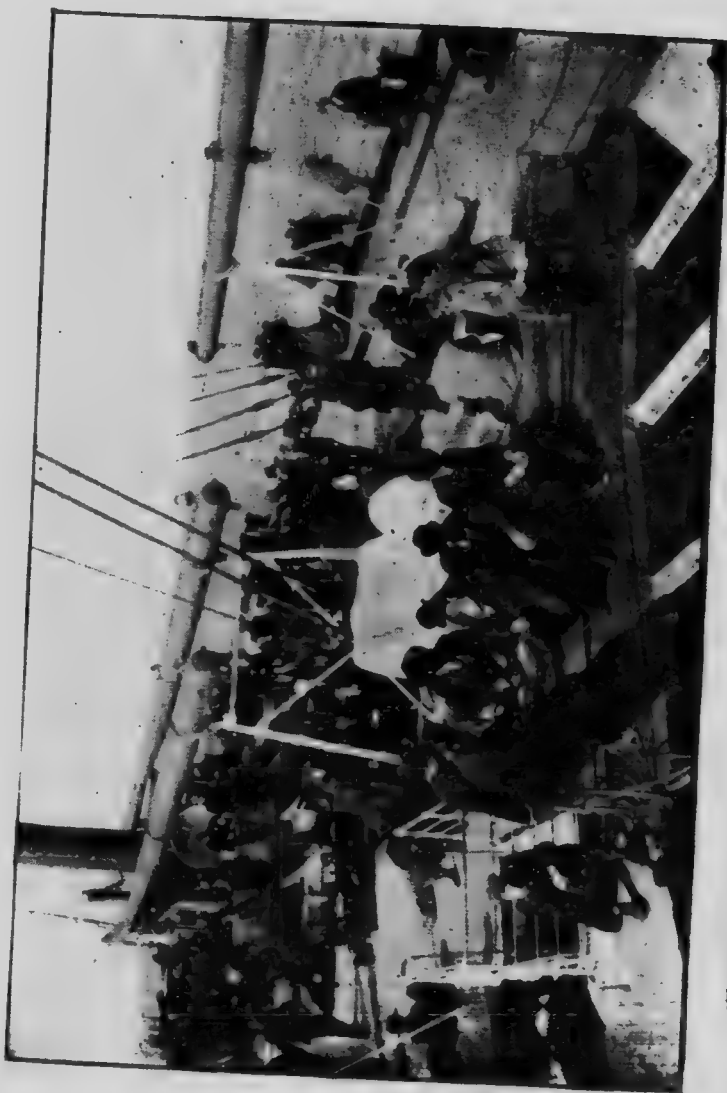
Practically all the vessels, it will be observed, are propelled by twin-screws. The headquarters of the line are, of course, in Liverpool, and the striking pile in which the staff are housed bears further tribute to the enterprise of the firm. The building was designed by Mr. Norman Shaw, R.A., and commands, by reason of its great height, comprehensive views of the Mersey and its dock system.

The Baltic of 1904

The Baltic arrived in the Mersey from Belfast on the evening of the 23rd June, 1904, and her arrival was witnessed by an admiring crowd of spectators who gathered on the Landing Stage and the points of vantage in its vicinity to view Liverpool's latest leviathan.

Her dimensions are—Length, 725.9 feet; breadth, 75 feet; depth, 49 feet; and 24,000 tons.

It was thought that the Celtic would make the high-water level of individual size. Then came the Cedric, slightly larger, and now the Baltic is approximately 3,000 tons bigger than either. Thirty or forty years ago a 3,000 ton ship was deemed a monster, but so huge are the vessels named that it is impossible to tell by an external examination that the three steamers are not identical in point of size. In fact, none of these vessels look their bigness. This is due to their general handsome appearance. Let us contrast the Baltic with that historic leviathan of modern times—the prematurely-born Great Eastern.



STEERAGE PASSENGERS LOUNGING ON FORE DECK SS. BALTIC

Great Eastern

Length over all, 691 feet.

Tonnage, 22,500.

Speed, 8 to 11 knots.

Weight of plates, 7 cwt.

Size of plates, 10ft. by 2ft. 9 in.

Baltic

Length over all, 726 feet.

Tonnage, 24,000.

Speed, 17 knots.

Weight of plates, 28ft. by 4½ft.

The Great Eastern was a commercial failure; the success of the Baltic, judging by the experience of the Celtic and Cedric is assured.

Figures fail to convey any accurate idea of the

Immensity of this Vessel

Her capacity for cargo is not less than 28,000 tons, and when loaded to her Plimsoll mark the water she displaces weighs 40,740 tons. The double bottom of the ship is, of course, "contrived a double debt to pay." It is an element of safety should the vessel take the ground, and it also provides an economical means of carrying ballast. These tanks or cells of the double box-like bottom will hold 6,500 tons of water, and the powerful pumps with which the ship is equipped will enable these spaces to be filled or emptied of water in a very short time. Ocean passengers all know how irresponsibly a light ship rolls and pitches during heavy weather. The Baltic cannot behave in this unseemly and undignified manner, for three reasons:—1st, her great weight will keep her steady; 2nd, when she has not much cargo aboard the 6,500 tons of water ballast will prevent any

excessive motion; and 3rd, she has bilge keels or rolling chocks attached to the hull amidships where the bottom rounds into the side of the ship, and these are powerful adjuncts to keeping a vessel upright.

The Most Striking Feature

of the vessel is the visible evidence of strength, as seen in the numerous rows of full-headed rivets extending all along the side above the waterline. Needless to say, these are no mere ornamentations, but are mechanically driven by powerful hydraulic machines for the purpose of bracing the plates and frames together, to secure a rigidity and strength that will laugh at the terrific strains such a long and heavy ship will have to contend with in a North Atlantic hurricane, and even when quietly stepping the mighty westerly rollers, so trying to ships even in calms.

The Baltic, like the Cedric, and the Cel-

tic, has four masts and up the inside of the foremast runs an iron ladder, up which the look-out climbs, and emerges like a figure on a Dutch clock through a door into the crow's nest. The funnels are immense and the observer should remember that the furnaces are a considerable distance below where the funnels pierce the boat deck.

The nomenclature and position of her decks are apparent from the sectional drawing which we produce herewith. It will be noticed that extensive hold space is insulated for the cold storage.

The Grand Dining Saloon

is a model of elegance and comfort. Its size may be judged from the fact that it extends the full width of the ship, 75 feet, and is seated for 370 passengers. It does not resemble a room on shipboard; it is so lofty, and the decorative scheme is so cunningly devised that it altogether fails to suggest a space between the two floors or decks of a ship. The first-class smoke-room and library are also luxuries that tends to the comfort of passengers is apparent, while staterooms have been designed to meet the wants of the most fastidious traveller.

• Even the third class passengers have dining saloons fitted with revolving chairs; they also have smoking-rooms, and a large number of two, three, and four-berth staterooms.

Passengers on board of the Baltic, and there may be over 3,000 of them, will

hardly, save for the overhanging nautical panorama presented to their view, realize that they are at sea. Especially will this be the case with the 370 cabin passengers, for they will be berthed amidships, where there can be no appreciable motion. The accommodation is luxurious for first-class, for whom a large number of separate and distinct suits of apartments are provided, consisting of stateroom, sitting-room, bathroom, etc., and comfortable for all. Ample promenade space is provided for first, second, and third-class voyagers, and throughout the whole of the living spaces, whether in saloons or sleeping apartments, there is plenty of room, ventilation, and light, and of course, during the inclement season of the year, heat also.

Other Notes About The Baltic

The Baltic carries boats and life-saving gear sufficient for the 3,000 passengers and 370 crew which she may carry and all the latter are regularly drilled in the handling of the boats, so that on emergency there would be no confusion so far as the crew are concerned.

The appliances for rapidly loading or discharging the Baltic are most perfect, for as she is a very costly ship, it is necessary that she should be turned quickly. A ship in dock is spending money, but a ship at sea may be earning something.

The windlass, cables, and anchors are startling; the former might, indeed, be an ordinary-sized ship's engine.

The shifting chocks, hawser pipes, and mooring bits are such as would astonish an old timer almost into a fit. The deck winches are immense, and appear to be planted in every necessary and available

space. These, are, of course, essential for the filling up of the great cavities dubbed out of courtesy holds.

Every suggestion which long experience and profound knowledge could conjure up for the successful working of the great ship is evidenced in all departments.

There is an entire absence of that feeling of being closely confined which is characteristic of so many vessels, even of the larger class.

Light is to be found in every corner whether that king of all lights—daylight—or that magnificent substitute, electric light.

In designing and building the Baltic, a special study has been made of the kitchens and other apartments utilized in the preparation of the food of the multitude constituted by the passengers and crews of this vessel. Kitchen, larders, bakeries, etc., are equal to any in the best and largest London hotel.

The engines have been built by Messrs. Harland and Wolff, and are of the quadruple expansion type, arranged on the balanced principle, so as to minimise vibration. High speed is not aimed at, but a good moderate speed and great comfort is assured. The vessel is a twin-screw, and her engine-room and stock holds are well ventilated, and thus the fire men come within the scheme for giving everybody roomy and healthy surroundings.

The Baltic in her construction and fittings utilizes many splendid ideas for the safety, health, comfort, and convenience of those on board. One feature is noticeable in going over the passengers decks and through the refrigerating spaces, and one that should be gratifying to those travelling in the ships. This is the deck covering. Instead of being sheathed with wood, the steel deck plating is covered with a composition called "litosilo."

Here is a list of the chief articles of

Food Consumed on a Round Voyage

Beef, Fresh	36,000 lbs.
Beef, Corned	1,500 lbs.
Mutton	9,000 lbs.
Lamb	7,000 lbs.
Veal	1,000 lbs.
Pork	600 lbs.
Fresh Fish	2,500 lbs.
Pickled Fish, &c	10 barrels.
Eggs	1,200 doz.
Chickens	500 couples.
Fowls	300 couples.
Ducks	200 couples.
Geese	6 doz.
Grouse	100 brace
Turkeys	120
Apples	40 barrels
Oranges	400 boxes, each of 400
Potatoes	33 tons
Carrots and Turnips	2½ tons
Cabbages	800
Onions	1 ton
Cheese	½ ton
Milk	750 gallons
Bread, &c.	40 tons

How much wine, spirits, ale, and stout is drunk on board we would rather not say. But to carry all the eatables and drinkables consumed, and the men who cook and serve the food, would require a vessel so large that not many years back it would have been thought quite a big ocean liner.

The Hotel Of The Future

The hotel of the future will be the home of all whether single or married. The traveller or drummer, who once commanded the first attention, the best room, the lowest price, will have to take a back seat or go where there is no distinction, or to hotels specially catering to his requirements. Such is the trend of civilization. New York has taken the lead in this respect. See her mighty hotels towering scores of stories high into the air; note those under construction and those talked of, and you begin to ask yourself if there

will be any room left for private residences, when all the theatres and hotels are built. The servant girl problem is helping to bring about this change. The desire to curtail the cares of housekeeping is similarly responsible. As Dumas says:—"everything likes to live, the flowers, the trees, etc." So do human beings, but on this continent, more uncivilized as some writers think, than in the first days of its discovery, they clamour for comfort, ease and luxury, to offset the strenuous strain of earning their daily bread. In almost any Canadian city a large percentage of families are without servant girls. They are becoming so scarce, so unreasonable in their demands, that the thrifty housewives prefer to do without them. This is all very well for a time, but a solution must be worked out to meet the inevitable trouble. One great assistance will be the erection of apartment houses, so urgently

needed or family hotels. Living in a flat of five or seven rooms with all the modern conveniences, with a janitor to look after the heating, snow and chores, a small family can live in a very independent style. But with the self contained residences the work is considerably increased.

Go Abroad To Appreciate Things

You have to go abroad to appreciate things that are up-to-date and belonging to this progressive age. You have also to go abroad to see how badly things are done in comparison with your own town. When they turn out the latter way you return home more than ever satisfied with your place of abode. Canadians, who never move out of their country, never can appreciate how grand and beautiful their country really is. So it is with Quebecers and their city. Not only is it quaint; historic and picturesquely situated, but its

principal buildings are so solid and fresh looking, its streets and parks so clean and tidy, its air so pure and balmy, its people so hospitable and orderly, that one can say without question that it is to-day the king city of Canada. This is a new title, but a deserving one, and one which His Majesty would feel proud of were he to visit the Old Rock City in its present state of good preservation.

HOME! QUEBEC!

After my return to Quebec I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. John Morley. In asking what were his impressions of Canada, he replied that it was quite impossible for him to form anything like a correct impression of a country in scampering through it as he was doing. He even went further, and said that it would be difficult for a man to do this in a year, or even a few years. He relied much upon the opinions of others, who had spent their lives in this country, to be enlightened with reliable data and impressions.

In conclusion I might reiterate Mr. Morley's words and say that it is impos-

sible in the few days I spent in England to form anything like a true impression of the lives, habits and customs of the English people. I have only attempted to offer many little "tips," in as terse a manner as possible which may be of value to those making their maiden voyage and to refresh the memories of those who have done so.

I can do no better than conclude with the appropriate words of William Dean Howells, "If any one shall say that my little pictures are superficial, I shall not be able to gainsay him. I shall only answer that most pictures represent the surfaces of things, and I shall frankly own that I have at no time attempted to employ the Roentgen rays in my snap-shots of London aspects."



TENNIS ON UPPER DECK SS. BALTIC

A POSITIVE CURE FOR SEA NAUSEA



A certain Spanish knight, very poor but proud, as his birth was as high as a King's, arrived late one evening at an inn in France. Riding up to the entrance on his forlorn nag he fell to battering the gate. He finally awakened the landlord, who, peering out into the night called,

"Who is there?"

"Don Inan Hernandez de Villaneuve, Count of Malopra, Knight Santiago and Alcantra," replied the Spaniard.

"I am very sorry" shouted the landlord, "but I hav'nt room for all the gentlemen you mention," and he slammed the window.

A group of merry commercial travellers were seated in the smoking room, when suddenly Bodkins volunteered a story of a remarkable find he once had.

When I was a young man I was employed in a large house in the city, and as usual, with persons of my age, I fell in love with a young lady, and in due course of time was engaged. About two months before our marriage was to take place, I was suddenly sent to Australia on very important business. I took a hasty and affectionate leave of my intended, with the promise to write to each other often. I was detained longer than I expected to be, but just before I sailed for home I bought a handsome and valuable ring, intending it as a "coming home" present for my sweetheart.

As I was near by the shore and reading the paper which the pilot had brought on board, curiously enough my eye fell on the marriages, and then I saw an announce-

ment of her marriage with another fellow, a fellow I knew very well, too, which so enraged me that I threw the ring overboard.

A few days after I was dining at this very hotel. Fish was served up, and in eating it I bit off something hard, and what do you suppose it was.

"The diamond ring" exclaimed several.

"No" said the merry Bodkins, preserving the same gravity "it was a fish bone."

* * *

A young lady at a fashionable hotel sat beside a deaf old gentleman, and in conversation, asked him: "Do you like bananas?"

Old Gentleman—What do you say?

Young Lady—(Shouting with all general conversation stopped that guests might listen.) I said, do you like bananas?

Old Gentleman—No, my dear, I don't like pajamas. The old-fashioned night shirt is good enough for me.

An hotel domestic, newly engaged, presented to her master one morning a pair of boots, the leg of one of which was much longer than the other.

"How comes it that these boots are not the same length"?

"I don't know sir, but what bothers me, is that the pair downstairs are in the same fix."

* * *

Three different waiters at an hotel, asked the Editor, at dinner, in quick succession, if he would have soup. A little annoyed he said to the last: "Is it compulsory"?

"No Sir," answered our friend, "I think it is mock turtle."

* * *

A clumsy waiter upset a cup of tea on the shoulder of a guest.

"Shall I bring you another napkin?" asked the waiter.

"Perhaps" said the guest "you had better bring me a macintosh."

Patrick Mulvany was a waiter in a hotel. Suddenly he was taken ill and sent for the doctor. The doctor arriving, said: "Keep up your courage, Pat, you can only die once." "That's what bothers me entirely," replied Pat; if I could die a few times more this once would'nt trouble me."

* * *

"Have you boarded long at this house"? enquired the new boarder of the dejected man sitting next to him.

About ten years.

I don't see how you can stand it, why have'nt you left long ago?

No other place to go to, said the other dismally, the landlady's my wife.

* * *

She—You are the first American I ever heard say that he liked London better than Paris. Why do you?

He—They understand my French better in London than in Paris.

An Irishman who was not going to have the Yankees riding roughshod over every nation, turned on them and said:

"Bedad we've got the same machine in Ireland, only ours is more perfect, for if you don't like the sausage you can put them back into the machine, and by reversing the action they'll come out live pig again, where he went in.

* * *

Visitor—(on the field of Waterloo) "Are you planting potatoes on the old battlefield, Farmer?"

Farmer—"No sir, they are not potatoes. I'm just scattering a few bullets for the benefit of English and American tourists."

* * *

"Can't I be waited on"? asked the hungry customer.

"Certainly" said the floor manager, "have you been waiting long."

"Long enough to make me feel that I am a waiter myself."

Into the harbor the good ship steamed,
serene against wind and tide.

"They 've dropped their anchor,, the
young man said, to his bonny and lovely
bride.

And the wife so fair, with the golden hair
in tones of reproach, replied:—

"It serves them right for their carelessness,
in hanging it over the side."

* * *

Hostess—And I suppose you went up the
Rhine"?

Mrs. Newealth—(who has been bothering
them with her travelling expenses):
"Oh, indeed yes, and many other mountains."

* * *

"Man overboard" cried the sailor, seeing
a man fall into the sea.

What do you mean with your 'man over-
board' gasped the unfortunate bobbing up.
"Baron von Feiglestock is overboard."

All the crew had been saved, but one poor fellow who was brought ashore unconscious. The curate turned to the bystanders.

"How do you proceed in the case of one apparently drowned"?

"S'arch his pockets."

* * *

Hewitt—I sat at the table next to yours at the restaurant yesterday and I couldn't see why you laughed at the stories Grewitt was telling me.

Jewitt—He was paying for the dinner.

* * *

"I suppose your daughter acquired a great deal of manners from her foreign experiences"?

"Oh no, she lost all her manners and brought home a lot of airs."

* * *

Why is an idea like the sea?

Because it is a notion (an ocean).



Punch

FOGGED

CABMAN (*who thinks he has been passing a line of linkmen*): "Is this right for Paddington?"
LINKMAN: "Course it is! First to the right and straight on. 'Aven't I told ye that three times already? Why, you've been driven 'round this square for the last 'arf hour!"

At a small railway station after a porter had helped a passenger with his luggage into the van, the traveller politely tipped the porter with a penny.

He was about to get seated when the porter turned quickly to him and said:

"I beg your pardon sir, what paper did you say"?

The traveller saw the point and added two pence more.

* * *

Madame Newriche—I want a first class passage to London.

Agent—Yes ma'am.

Madame Newriche—And I insist upon having a smooth passage no matter what it costs.

* * *

Did that English traveller say he would shake the dust of America from his shoes?"

"No, he said his valet would do it for him."

Mrs. Menage—(Laying down morning paper in disgust) : This catering to servants is going too far.

Mr. M.—What now?

Mrs.M.—All the papers full of advertisements of Cook's excursions. It's ridiculous putting such ideas into their heads when they can be least spared.

* * *

A lady at sea full of delicate apprehensions in a gale of wind, cried out among other pretty exclamations : "We shall all go to the bottom. Mercy on us, how my head swims." "Madam, never fear," said one of the sailors, "you can never go to the bottom while your head swims."

* * *

Uncle Hiram—(United States) : They say the sun never sets on the British Empire.

Aunt Hannah: Doesn't it, now? And we have such magnificent sunsets over here.

"Waiter" said young civil engineer, after vainly struggling with knife and fork for fully ten minutes on an alleged spring chicken, "bring me a chisel, a steel wedge and a heavy hammer, for I'm interested now, and am determined to see of what material this thing is made."

* * *

The mate of a ship at the critical moment of a storm shouted out:—

"Let go the topsail halyards"

"I ain't a touching 'em sir," was the reply of a newly shipped sailor.

* * *

Mr. Sealove—(In parlor on outgoing steamer) Tell our daughter to sing something less doleful, my dear.

Mrs. Sealove—That is not our daughter, it is the foghorn.

* * *

Seasick passenger to deck steward—

Luncheon so quick? Why breakfast came up only a few minutes ago.